

# THE MONTH

## A CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

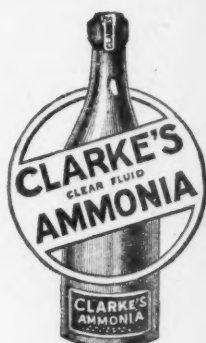
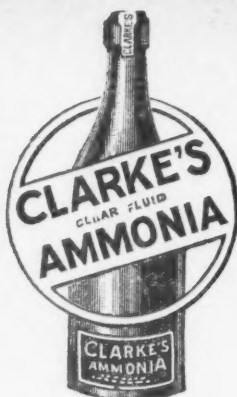


NO. 488 (NEW SERIES 98) FEB., 1905

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## *The Prerogatives of Science.*

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BEYOND question, the star of Science is now in the zenith. Not only have her discoveries been of dazzling brilliancy, but she has obtained a power over the minds of men which invests her in their eyes with an almost sacred character, so that she is regarded as a final court of appeal in regard of all questions which concern Truth. It has, in fact, come to be a widely accepted principle, that nothing can be really known to us upon which she does not set her seal, she being our one and only competent and infallible guide, from whose jurisdiction no species of knowledge attainable by men can possibly be exempt.

Neither can there be any doubt that so far as Science deserves her name, and proceeds by her own legitimate methods, her judgments are irreversible,—that she has in recent years immensely enlarged our knowledge of all with which she can deal, and that she is daily adding to her store, and wresting fresh secrets from nature, with a masterful power which appears to portend a continued course of future triumphs even more splendid than those of the past.

But, when all this is most fully and ungrudgingly recognized, it requires but little reflection to suggest various questions of supreme moment, when we listen to the claims with which we are all familiar, as being incessantly put forth on her behalf. Magnificent as her achievements have undoubtedly been, we cannot but ask whether she has actually accomplished all that some would credit to her account; and still more imperatively we are forced to inquire what reasons can be shown for the assumption that Science has a monopoly of knowledge, so that any which her methods cannot reach is thereby proved to be non-existent. Because we may confidently anticipate that she will march indefinitely forward, ever enlarging the boundaries of the field in which she works, does it therefore follow that there are not other fields of knowledge which our mind can explore,

though utterly inaccessible to her, as containing nothing with which she is able to concern herself?

In order rightly to examine the results which Science is frequently declared to have actually attained, nothing shall be said of all, however marvellous, which has been effected within the province which none can deny to be rightly her own, and her conclusions as to which we must gratefully welcome; as, for example, that she has looked deep into the physical constitution of matter itself,—that she has sampled the materials of which the stars are made,—that she has traced the course of organic life to the primitive cell, showing no trace of organization, with which in every instance it begins,—or that she has discovered in the biological, and notably in the embryological structure of living things, a multitude of features which seem to stamp as akin to one another forms which had hitherto been considered quite apart and unrelated. Upon all such points as these, however startling to former ideas her conclusions may be, Science has undoubtedly a right to speak with authority. All these things, as has been said, lie within her own proper province, and in their regard from her alone can sound and solid knowledge be obtained; they are all subject to observation and experiment, and so far as observation and experiment can take us, her prerogative is indefeasible. Nor can it be denied that, beyond what she can see and handle, she has a right to infer from facts, their necessary consequences, and to argue the existence of that without which established facts cannot be explained. None will say that she goes beyond her legitimate province when she accepts Newton's law of gravitation, though no man can say or even imagine what gravitation is. So too she is legitimately satisfied of the existence of the Ether, which is only betrayed by the observed phenomena of light; nor is the validity of this inference seriously impaired by the fact that we are utterly in the dark as to the nature of this hypothetical substance—if indeed we can go so far as to call it a substance—and find ourselves compelled to attribute qualities thereto which appear contradictory,—as that, while offering no resistance to the motion of planets, it is yet more like a solid than a liquid or a gas. In like manner, the existence of the planet Neptune was divined before it was seen, because the perturbations of its neighbour Uranus required such an explanation as its attractions would afford; and had men possessed no telescope that would carry so far as Neptune, the calculations of Adams

and Leverrier would, as we are now certified, have sufficed to reveal it.

Thus far, there are no questions to be raised ; but it is by no means so in regard of all the pretensions advanced on behalf of Science by some of those who undertake to speak in her name. This will at once be understood from a few instances. We are assured that Science has made an end, once for all, of belief in anything beyond or above that physical universe which can be studied through its phenomena—that she washes away as so much sand the foundations upon which not only theologians but philosophers have been wont confidently to build.<sup>1</sup> The God not only of the Christian but of the Theist, vanishes before her : “ All the doctrines, thoughts, hopes, trusts, and emotions, that make up the religion of Theism, come to a head, and this head Science quietly cuts off.”<sup>2</sup> With ourselves it is no otherwise : “ Science shows us that our wills are not and cannot be free ;”<sup>3</sup> nay, free-will is the “ most extraordinary and palpably false of all absurdities :”<sup>4</sup> now, in the light of Science, “ it can easily be proved to be a ‘ pseudo-idea,’ not really even thinkable.”<sup>5</sup> Science declares, in the language of physics, “ that the mind, which is merely another aspect of the brain, exhibits when [properly] affected a molecular or chemical affinity for the one cosmic Substance which it springs from, of which it forms a part :”<sup>6</sup> the mind is “ an expression of the highest development of cell-activity :”<sup>7</sup> “ Consciousness must be reduced to the phenomena of physics and chemistry :”<sup>8</sup> “ Will is merely a cerebral function, manifesting itself through corresponding muscular adjustments :” “ Everything tends to show that the brain thinks.”

According to such teaching, therefore, a man is only matter differently arranged, or rather everything, living and not living, is equally part of one and the same universe, and equally a product of its native forces acting according to immutable laws. It is mere pseudo-Science to speak contemptuously of “ brute matter ” as something really different from mind,<sup>9</sup> and the idea of sin ceases to have any meaning, the most vicious and degraded

<sup>1</sup> See, for example, Mr. Mallock's *Veil of the Temple*, p. 246.

<sup>2</sup> P. 224.      <sup>3</sup> P. 272.

<sup>4</sup> *The Cycle of Life according to Modern Science*. By C. W. Saleeby, p. 262.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.* p. 218.

<sup>6</sup> *Veil of the Temple*, p. 287.      <sup>7</sup> *Cycle of Life*, p. 11.

<sup>8</sup> Haeckel, *Riddle of the Universe*. Cheap edition, p. 65.

<sup>9</sup> *Cycle of Life*, p. 253.

specimen of humanity being "an expression of the cosmic forces," just as much as Mr. Darwin himself. He has his chain of causation behind him, and is as valid and inevitable a manifestation of the Cosmos as Sirius or the Pleiades.<sup>1</sup>

Such examples—taken from popular expositions of Science with which ordinary readers are likely to be familiar—might be multiplied to any extent, but these will suffice for present purposes, showing as they do of what character are the achievements now claimed for Science by those whom the great mass of readers look to as her authentic interpreters. It is quite evident that the nature of such achievements is essentially different from those we have previously considered; and that if such claims as these are really justified, she has altogether revolutionized our conception, not only of the universe, but of ourselves.

It must moreover be noted that even as regards her own indubitable sphere, her same champions undertake to tell us not only what results she has actually obtained, but what results she will certainly obtain in the future. Thus Professor Haeckel confidently predicts that she will one day succeed in artificially creating living matter. One of his most enthusiastic disciples and expositors declares that "some day Science will be able to trace a set of forces working for ages at the construction of a solar system, or at the making of an eye."<sup>2</sup> It is even suggested by Maeterlinck that in a few centuries man may have learned the secret of gravitation, and be able to steer his planet where he pleases; by which time he will probably have also discovered how to change a hair of his head from white to black, or to add a cubit to his stature. The same writer confidently anticipates that in no long period Science will immensely extend the span of man's life, so that having passed his century his ripe wisdom will become the property and support, not of himself or his family, but of society, till, fully sated with living, he drops like a ripe fruit into the nothingness from which he sprung.

It is thus quite evident, in the first place, that there are men who when they consider the results which Science has secured, or is likely to secure, are chiefly impressed by their magnitude, seeing in them the promise and potentiality of unlimited knowledge. But is not such an estimate wholly based not upon

<sup>1</sup> *Cycle of Life*, p. 222.

<sup>2</sup> *Haeckel's Critics Answered*. By Joseph M'Cabe, p. 73.

present attainments, but upon past deficiencies? Only because our predecessors knew so little of physical nature, can we possibly fancy that we ourselves know much; for though it is undoubtedly much in comparison with what our forefathers knew, it is little indeed compared with what we do not know. Had mankind from the beginning been familiar with all that modern Science has disclosed, far from being exalted by the extent and importance of our knowledge, we should be oppressed by its insignificance. Such in fact is the effect produced on the minds of those who have most right to be proud of scientific progress, as having substantially contributed thereto. As everybody knows, Sir Isaac Newton compared his own unparalleled discoveries to the shells and pebbles picked up by a child on the sea-shore, while all the secrets of the ocean remained hidden from his eyes. Very similar in our own days was the judgment of Professor Huxley, who was certainly not disposed unduly to depreciate the achievements of Science. In his chapter upon the reception of the *Origin of Species*, contributed to the Life of Charles Darwin, he thus expressed himself:

The known is finite, the unknown infinite; intellectually we stand on an islet in the midst of an illimitable ocean of inexplicability. Our business in every generation is to reclaim a little more land, to add something to the extent and solidity of our possessions.

So, still more recently, the distinguished director of our National Museum of Natural History, Professor Ray Lankester, warns us to bear ever in mind how "extremely limited" are the conclusions of Science, and, as we shall presently see, he applies this caution expressly to the very matter with which we are now concerned.<sup>1</sup> In like manner, the late Sir Leslie Stephen bases his whole Agnostic system upon the undeniable limitations to the sphere of human intelligence.<sup>2</sup>

It is no less obvious that the various writers to whom we have listened do not use words consistently in the same sense, and that, as in so many instances, in order to arrive at any satisfactory or intelligible conclusion, we should commence with a definition of terms. What do they mean when they speak of "Science"? When we are told that "Science" has

<sup>1</sup> Letter to the *Times*, May 19, 1903.

<sup>2</sup> *An Agnostic's Apology*, p. 1.

done this, that, and the other, the only possible meaning is that, by the methods of physical research, certain facts have been discovered, which either of themselves, or through consequences necessarily following from them, establish certain truths. But when writers proceed to talk of results which Science will obtain in the future, which therefore have not been obtained as yet, they express but their own opinion, not the witness of Science. It is evident that nothing will ever be discovered in physical nature which does not exist there: that the supreme merit claimed for Science is to assert nothing for which clear evidence has not been discovered: and that it is therefore an obvious and misleading use of words to couple the name of Science with discoveries that have not yet been made, for this is simply to declare that we already know what Science, our boasted guide, as yet does not. Nor will it help us greatly if we understand by Science, not the results actually obtained, but the methods and principles upon which she works. We are told, for example, that "Science is not any particular body of facts; it is essentially the expression of an intellectual attitude or mood in relation to any order of phenomena;"<sup>1</sup> and Professor Huxley writes, "Science is, I believe, nothing but trained and organized common sense."<sup>2</sup> But no such mental quality or attitude or mood can find in nature what is not there, just as our most improved machinery can extract gold only from soil that is auriferous. Confidently to declare that Science will arrive at results which are not at present within her reach, is to say that we have attained to them without her aid.

Even more obvious does this become when we pass on to another class of scientific authorities, who while they hold that no true knowledge can be obtained except by means of Science, are no less positive that she has not thrown, and can never throw any light whatever upon those very problems which those to whom we have hitherto listened, declare her to have finally solved. Thus, while we are told by Mr. Mallock that Science gives a death-blow to "all the doctrines, thoughts, hopes, trusts, and emotions" which underlie belief in God, Professor Ray Lankester pronounces, on the other hand, that the conflict supposed to exist between Science and religion is due, in part at least, to those votaries,

<sup>1</sup> Thomson and Geddes, in *Ideals of Science and Faith*, p. 52.

<sup>2</sup> *Lay Sermons*, p. 75.



who presume, by magnifying the extremely limited conclusions of Science, to deal in a destructive spirit with the very existence of those beliefs and hopes which we call "religion." . . . It seems to me that Science proceeds on its path without any contact with religion, and that religion has not, in its essential qualities, anything to hope from, or to fear from, Science. The whole order of nature, including living and lifeless matter—man, animal, and gas—is a network of mechanism, the main features and many details of which have been made more or less obvious to the wondering intelligence of mankind by the labour and ingenuity of scientific investigators. But no sane man has ever pretended, since Science became a definite body of doctrine, that we know, or ever can know, or conceive of the possibility of knowing, whence this mechanism has come, why it is there, whither it is going, and what there may or may not be beyond and beside it, which our senses are incapable of appreciating. These things are not "explained" by Science, and never can be.<sup>1</sup>

So, as to belief in God and immortality, Professor Huxley wrote :<sup>2</sup>

Science has no more to say against the doctrine than the most ordinary experience has, and it effectually closes the mouths of those who pretend to refute it by objections deduced from physical data.

Indeed, as the highest authorities assure us, far from being able to inform us upon mysteries beyond nature, Science can tell us nothing final concerning anything within the realm of Nature itself, not even concerning those very faculties upon the exercise of which all her operations depend. All the material which she uses for acquisition of knowledge, must come, by a physical process, through the gates of sense, but of what occurs to transmute physical processes into sensation and consciousness, to change light into sight, or sound into hearing, she knows far less than she does of the configuration of the far side of the moon. As Professor Tyndall says :

The passage from the physics of the brain to the corresponding facts of consciousness is unthinkable. Granted that a definite thought and a definite molecular action in the brain occur simultaneously, we do not possess the intellectual organ, nor apparently any rudiments of an organ, which would enable us to pass by a process of reasoning from one to the other. They appear together, but we do not know why. Were our minds and senses so expanded as to enable us to see

<sup>1</sup> Letter to the *Times*, *ut sup.*

<sup>2</sup> *Fortnightly Review*, vol. xl. 1886.



and feel the very molecules of the brain, were we capable of following all their motions, all their groupings and electrical discharges, if such there be, and were we intimately acquainted with the corresponding states of thought and feeling, we should be as far as ever from the solution of the problem—"How are these physical processes connected with the facts of consciousness?" The chasm between the two classes remains still intellectually impassable.<sup>1</sup>

To precisely the same effect speaks Professor Huxley.

I really know nothing, and never hope to know anything, of the steps by which the passage from molecular movement to states of consciousness is effected.<sup>2</sup>

Such views as these, being quite incompatible with the idea that Science has proved anything concerning ultimate truths, it might perhaps be thought that those who hold it for impossible that she can ever do so, must differ fundamentally from those who declare that she has actually done it. Strangely enough, however, the doctrine of the two parties is in substantial agreement, and the very men who fully acknowledge our scientific ignorance, are no less positive than the others in proclaiming our philosophical knowledge. Thus, as Professor Tyndall assures us, "It is the compounding, in the organic world, of forces belonging equally to the inorganic, that constitutes the 'mystery and miracle of vitality;'"<sup>3</sup> "We discern in matter the promise and potency of every form and quality of life;"<sup>4</sup> "We claim, and we shall wrest from Theology, the whole domain of Cosmology;" "All our philosophy, all our poetry, all our science, and all our art—Plato, Shakespeare, Newton, and Raphael—are potential in the fires of the sun."<sup>5</sup> Similarly, Professor Huxley writes: "We *know* that the phenomena of vitality are not something apart from other physical phenomena, but one with them; and matter and force are the two names of the one artist which fashions the living as well as the lifeless,"<sup>6</sup> and this, although he also wrote: "The phenomena which living things present have no parallel in the mineral world." So again, after speaking of the forces of inorganic nature, Mr. Herbert Spencer thus continues: "That the forces exhibited in vital actions, are similarly derived,

<sup>1</sup> Presidential Address, Section A, British Association, 1868.

<sup>2</sup> *Critiques and Addresses*, p. 283.

<sup>3</sup> *Vitality*. <sup>4</sup> *Belfast Address*, 1874.

<sup>5</sup> *Scientific use of the Imagination*. <sup>6</sup> *Lay Sermons*, p. 228. Italics mine.

is so obvious a deduction from the facts of organic chemistry that it will meet with ready acceptance from readers acquainted with those facts."<sup>1</sup>

But, however hard it is to reconcile these various utterances, this at least is obvious: Whatever anybody claims to know concerning anything beyond the visible and tangible universe, it is not from *Science* that he learns it; for by the confession of her most authoritative spokesmen, it is only of what can be seen and handled that she can have anything to tell. And if, while confessing to scientific ignorance, some of our teachers endorse the conclusions which others base upon scientific knowledge, it can only be because they both start by assuming as a first principle, which they frequently omit to state plainly, that there is and can be nothing beyond the substance and forces of the material universe, with which physical Science can deal, and that whatever her methods of research cannot directly discover, is therefore proved to have no reality. Thus it is that one class of writers declare that Science has disproved the existence of God, the human soul, and the principle of organic life, because she has found no trace of them in the laboratory, as she can of radium or bacteria; while another class, recognizing the obvious truth that what has not been discovered is not yet part of Science, declare that although we are still without scientific evidence to show that physical forces are capable of producing or explaining everything, or rather anything, which we find in nature, we can yet arrive by other methods than hers at assurance on the subject, convincing ourselves that the said forces have accomplished everything,—because there are no others to which anything can be ascribed.

To take a concrete instance. Professor Haeckel tells us as to the birth of Life—"We recognize that the development of the organic from the inorganic is a fact."<sup>2</sup> Professors Tyndall and Huxley, on the contrary, tell us emphatically that of any such fact we have no proof whatever, and that all the facts which Science can discover flatly contradict any such supposition.<sup>3</sup> Both of them, nevertheless, proceed to state their belief that what is never found to happen now in the world as Science knows it, must have happened under some former conditions, of which she is entirely ignorant. As his ground for such a

<sup>1</sup> *First Principles*, p. 271.

<sup>2</sup> *Wonders of Life*, p. 363.

<sup>3</sup> Tyndall, *Spontaneous Generation*; Huxley, *Biogenesis and Abiogenesis*.

belief, Tyndall alleges "the vision of the mind" authoritatively supplementing that of the eye, a necessity "engendered and justified by Science;"<sup>1</sup> while Huxley describes his adhesion to the same idea as "an act of philosophical faith."<sup>2</sup>

That is to say, while they agree in acknowledging that Science has as yet found no evidence but such as contradicts the notion of spontaneous generation, and while the leading principle of both is that upon established facts alone can any conclusion worthy of consideration be founded,—they alike go on to say that conclusions beyond all that Science has found, are imperiously forced upon us by the necessities of thought, and to assume that we are forced to invest physical forces with potentialities of which all scientific processes declare them to be incapable.

How the intellectual necessity and philosophic faith, of which we have heard, are justified, is another question, and a large one, which demands separate treatment. My sole object here is to clear the ground, by endeavouring to determine exactly where we are in view of the various and inconsistent prerogatives so loudly claimed for "Science." If, as I hope, we have succeeded, at least to some extent, in disentangling the various threads of this complex web, we are in a position to approach the fundamental assumption underlying all the utterances we have considered, and to ask whether it be true that whatever cannot be directly learnt from the phenomena of physical nature, is therefore utterly beyond the scope of our intelligence.

J. G.

<sup>1</sup> *Belfast Address.*

<sup>2</sup> *Biogenesis and Abiogenesis.*

## *A Primitive Pilgrimage: Amettes in Artois.*

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ONE of the most attractive features of the spiritual world of which the saints of God are the inhabitants and the heroes, is its infinite variety. Among the white-robed army of men and women whom the Catholic Church has placed upon her altars, there are souls of every stamp, minds of varied breadth and culture, individuals whose exterior and inner characteristics, whose tastes, gifts, pursuits, and natural tendencies are as wide apart as may be. No doubt, all the saints have in common certain fundamental principles; their very sainthood implies that they, one and all, held the same view of life and placed the *unum necessarium* first and foremost, making it the one object to which their aspirations invariably tended. But, if they were unanimous in shaping their lives according to this great principle, the paths that they followed to attain the same end were beautifully varied.

Beyond the fact that they loved God with an all-absorbing, supreme love, there is little or nothing in common, humanly speaking, between St. Ignatius and St. Simeon Stylites, St. Jane de Chantal and St. Mary of Egypt, St. Zita, the holy servant, and St. Elizabeth, the Queen, St. Francis of Sales and the pilgrim and beggar whose birth-place we have lately visited.

The fact of these contrasts is not only full of interest, it is also fraught with meaning and may, if we grasp its sense rightly, modify our judgments and teach us lessons of wide-mindedness and humility.

From a purely human stand-point, certain actions of certain saints are apt to surprise us, even if they do not shock our sense of what is proper, practical, and respectable. There is nothing less formal, less cut and dry, than the world in which they move, and, in order to form anything like a just estimate of their conduct, it is necessary, at the outset, to recognize that, as a rule, we are singularly short-sighted in such matters and

that, owing to the infirmity of our spiritual vision, our standards of what is edifying and admirable are, on many points, imperfect.

We must remember also, and this will help us to accept what we do not understand, that if we are expected to abstain from wholesale criticism and condemnation, we are by no means called upon to imitate actions that, in our secret souls, we regard as eccentric.

Moreover, it is but right and natural that some saints should appeal to our sympathy in a particular manner, while others puzzle and repel, rather than attract us.

Among the latter may be classed the holy pilgrim, Benedict Joseph Labre. He can hardly be called a popular saint, although in his own province his memory is tenderly cherished and throughout the Catholic world there are many who, having experienced the effects of his gracious protection, are his devoted and grateful clients.

If certain details of his penitential life shock our modern fastidiousness, there are traits in his character that are singularly attractive. His charity, sweetness, and generosity seem to have won those who were privileged to break through the wall of reserve behind which he sought to conceal his gifts and graces. Very unexpected too is the way in which one who carried personal renunciation to its utmost limits, cared for the temporal prosperity of his friends: the story of Barbara Sori, the saint's poor hostess at Loretto, exemplifies this. When the good woman, in her anxiety to make the wanderer comfortable, remained to wait upon him, Benedict would gently bid her "attend to her customers and to her shop," and, as Barbara afterwards testified, the temporal affairs of the household became flourishing from the moment that their pilgrim-guest crossed their threshold: "Blessings seemed to rain down upon us," was her expression.

Even St. Benedict's mode of life, which, in the twentieth century would certainly have brought him into collision with the civil authorities of his country, was generally understood and accepted in France a hundred and fifty years ago.

As an instance of the manner in which local customs and modes of thought are brought to bear upon public opinion, we have the curious story of St. Teresa's contemporary, Catherine of Cardoña. She was a Spanish lady of noble birth, governess to the sons of Philip II. Pining for solitude, she

secretly left the Court and took refuge in a cavern where, for many years, she lived as a hermit. When, by the merest chance, her retreat was discovered, her countrymen, from the King downward, vied with each other in treating her with enthusiastic reverence, and no one seemed inclined to criticize her proceedings. So, in the eighteenth century, French and Italian Catholics viewed the wandering life of St. Benedict Labre as a special vocation, and respected it as such.

The general features of our saint's career are probably well known to the readers of *THE MONTH*; for those who are unacquainted with them, we will briefly sum up the leading events of his comparatively short life—a life of which Amettes in Artois and Rome were the two poles, and which illustrates in a special manner the infinite variety of God's dealings with His saints.

Benedict Joseph Labre was born on March 26, 1748, at Amettes, a small village belonging to the province of Artois and to the diocese of Boulogne; Benedict XIV. was Pope and Louis XV. King of France.

His parents, John Baptist Labre and Anna Barbara Grandsir, were honest folks belonging to the peasant class. They possessed a small shop, and, though in humble circumstances, they were able, by dint of hard work and careful management, to give their fifteen children a good education in keeping with their condition of life. Their home was a humble one, as their tiny cottage testifies, but it was removed from squalid want; and if, later on, their son Benedict embraced the life of a beggar, it was from love of penance, not from necessity.

From his childhood upwards, the boy gave promise of future holiness; his father and mother did their best for him, and all through his life he expressed his filial gratitude for the excellent training they bestowed. His sweetness, docility, and eagerness to learn, won all hearts: the Vicar of Amettes, M. d'Hanotel; the village schoolmaster, Barthelemy de la Rue; and, later on, the lad's uncle, François Joseph Labre, Curé of Erin, a neighbouring village, seem to have looked upon him as unusually gifted. They are unanimous in describing one of the most austere saints of modern times as bright and smiling; always ready to give pleasure to others, to help and comfort them, although, as far as his own inclination went, he was never happier than when on his knees.



At the age of twelve, Benedict was sent to live with his uncle at Erin, a village only a few miles from Amettes ; he remained there till 1766, and the companionship of the Curé, who seems to have been an excellent priest, contributed to develop his love of prayer and study. The boy left him under tragic circumstances : a violent epidemic of typhus broke out in the village, and while the Curé ministered to the spiritual necessities of his afflicted flock, his nephew undertook the work that the sick peasants had to leave undone ; he fed the cattle, ploughed the fields, and made himself the servant and slave of the unfortunate villagers. In the end, the Curé died, a martyr to his duty, and Benedict then returned to his home at Amettes.

By this time he had firmly resolved to devote his life to the service of God as a Religious, and the poverty, silence, and penitential life of the Trappists and Carthusians attracted him almost equally, but his parents, who tenderly loved their boy, persuaded him to wait some months before taking any step towards carrying out what he believed to be a heavenly vocation.

At length, however, touched by his earnest desire to consecrate himself to a monastic life, they allowed him to try his fate at the Carthusian Monastery of Neuville, near Montreuil, but the Prior thought him too young and advised him to wait. He went on to the Trappist Monastery of Mortagne, in Normandy, but here again he was told that he could not be admitted until he had reached the age of twenty-four.

After these disappointments, Benedict returned to Amettes, where he spent two years under his parents' roof ; during which time he endeavoured to lead a life of penance, resembling as closely as possible that to which he aspired.

In 1769, he again applied for admittance at the Monastery of Neuville, and this time was received as a postulant, but, curiously enough, although they were struck by his docility and fervour, the Superiors of the house soon became convinced that the gentle and sensitive youth, who longed for the white habit of St. Bruno, was not to be a monk. On the 2nd of October, 1769, Benedict wrote to his parents from Montreuil an affectionate and dutiful letter, revealing nothing of the bitter disappointment that must have wrung his heart.

Do not [he says] be pained that I have left the Chartreuse ; you must not dispute the Will of God, who has disposed of events for my greater good and for my salvation. . . . God, whom I received in my heart before leaving, will assist me.



From Montreuil, Benedict proceeded to Mortagne, but here again his age was an obstacle; then he went on to another Trappist monastery, Sept Fonds, near Autun, in Burgundy, where he was admitted on trial. After a short stay he fell dangerously ill, and the Abbot decided that he was not fitted to be a Trappist. Here, as at Neuville, the rejected postulant left an excellent impression, and is noted on the register of the Novitiate as "pious, obedient, and hard-working." It is said, too, that the Brother who nursed him in his illness was deeply struck by his attractive personality, and observed on the day of his departure that a saint had crossed the threshold of the abbey.

Although he was disappointed at seeing the shelter of monastic life thus unaccountably denied him, Benedict seems to have remained firm in his belief that God would take care of him. He accepted the failure of his cherished plans with unquestioning submission, and from a letter written to his parents in August, 1770, he evidently still hoped to enter a monastery in Italy. In this letter, the last he ever wrote to his family, he informs his parents of his illness, and of his desire of becoming a Trappist in Piedmont, where he knows that French postulants are made welcome:

I do not fail to pray for you [he adds], and I beg you to pardon me the pain I may have caused you, and to give me your blessing in order that God may bless my plans. It is in obedience to His Providence that I undertook the journey I am now making.

At what precise moment did Benedict Joseph become convinced that his vocation lay outside the haven of monastic life? We have no means of ascertaining whether, on leaving Sept Fonds, he entered another abbey, or whether, even then, it dawned upon him that his life was to be one of prayer and penance, spent on the highways and by-ways of Europe, and not, as he had thought, in the quiet and safe surroundings of a Carthusian or Trappist monastery.

At any rate, his career as a pilgrim dates from 1770; from that moment he began to visit the different sanctuaries of Europe, always on foot and in silence; he generally slept in the open air, only when pressed to do so did he consent to accept the offers of the charitable souls who were touched by his poverty and by his reserve. He never begged, but took the alms that were given to him, keeping for his own use what was

absolutely necessary to sustain life, the rest he gave away to other mendicants.

It was thus that he visited Loretto, Assisi, Rome, St. Romuald's tomb at Fabriano, St. Nicolas of Bari, St. Januarius' sanctuary at Naples, St. Michael's at Monte Gargano, Einsiedln, Monteserrato, Our Lady of Pilar at Saragossa, the Holy Crucifix at Burgos, St. James of Compostella, and other shrines.

When some years later the process for his canonization was begun, testimonies poured in, proving that the silent pilgrim had not passed unnoticed. Thus, at Fabriano, a pious widow, named Vicentina Roche, remembered the authority and gentleness with which he had comforted her in her sorrow ; at Bari, the people still spoke of his charity towards the prisoners, to whom he distributed the money that had been given to him. At Moulins, in France, where he passed in 1773, he was seen giving away to twelve poor beggars a provision of bread and vegetables, which, it was noticed, never seemed to diminish. It was remembered, too, how he spent long hours, rapt in prayer, before the Blessed Sacrament. At Fréjus, where he stayed on his way back from Spain, he was hospitably entertained by a certain barber, to whom he promised "that he would succeed in all his undertakings." The words proved true : the barber, who had charitably dressed the saint's wounds, was rewarded by a life of singular prosperity, which he attributed to the intercession of his passing guest : *le pauvre du bon Dieu*.

At Loretto, which he visited several times, Benedict, in spite of his reserve, made some friends. One of them was a priest named Valéri, who introduced him to a poor couple, Gaudenzio and Barbara Sori, with whom he consented to stay during his annual visits to Loretto. Although in humble circumstances, the Soris considered themselves privileged to have a saint as their guest, and the only discussion that ever arose between Barbara and her visitor was when the latter reproached her with making him too comfortable. A French priest, Father Temple, who was attached to the sanctuary, seems to have gained the pilgrim's confidence, and was one of the few persons to whom Benedict spoke openly of the mode of life he had embraced. So convinced was Father Temple that a day must come when the unknown beggar's holiness would be made known to the world, that he carefully wrote down all that he had noticed respecting the "admirable French saint, Benedict Joseph Labre."

By degrees, our pilgrim spent more and more time in Rome, where, among all the sanctuaries, the Church of the Madonna dei Monti attracted him most. His kneeling figure gradually became a familiar object to the *habitués* of the shrine; some asserted that they had seen him raised from the ground in an ecstasy, others that a heavenly light played round his emaciated features.

Among these devout admirers of the humble worshipper was a butcher, Francesco Zaccarelli; it was to his house that Benedict was carried when, on the 16th of April, 1783, a sudden fainting-fit caused him to fall senseless on the pavement of the church. On the evening of the same day, surrounded by a few friends and by a number of priests, the pilgrim sweetly breathed his last. He was only thirty-five years of age.

Our readers may remember how, at the same moment, in different parts of Rome a number of little children calling out, "The saint is dead," ran through the streets, and how, after an extraordinary ovation, the body of the mendicant was laid to rest within the church where he loved to pray.

At Loretto, Barbara Sori was expecting her guest's annual visit when suddenly her little son Joseph, aged five, began to repeat: "Benedict will not come, Benedict is in Paradise." and a few days later, the Soris heard of their visitor's death.

Although the last thirteen years of our saint's career were spent far away from his native village, his memory is still cherished in the remote spot where he passed his childhood. The fuss and flurry of modern life have not destroyed the impression that Benedict left on the minds of his countrymen. Amettes lies out of reach of the great thoroughfares of pleasure and business. It would be hard, in these days of universal travel, to find in the length and breadth of France a village more primitive and quiet. It is situated six miles from Lillers, the nearest railway-station, and in the heart of a country that, possessing no special attraction either in an industrial or artistic point of view, is unvisited by tourists. Our starting-point was Montreuil, an old walled town, once a mighty fortress against which the Spaniards and English in turn hurled their forces, but which has now settled down to calmness and silence. Its ivy-grown ramparts have a picturesque, if somewhat melancholy charm, and the broad horizons of the surrounding country, with their subtle effects of light and shade, have of late years attracted a large number of artists. At Anvin, an hour from Montreuil by rail, we left the

train and cycled over the fifteen kilometres that lie between Anvin and Amettes. Broad, breezy uplands, thinly inhabited, extend as far as the eye can reach. They are broken here and there by tiny valleys, watered by clear streams, where red-roofed cottages nestle among the trees. From Anvin to a hamlet called Hurtebise, our road lay across the high ground, then a long descent led us into the heart of one of these narrow valleys, where three little villages, Nedon, Nedonchel, and Amettes, are cosily sheltered from the winds that sweep the uplands.

On reaching Amettes, we rode straight to the convent standing in its small, square garden, where, a few years ago, the white-robed Augustinian nuns had made us welcome. Alas! M. Combes' evil doings have had their effect even in this remote spot! Instead of the white figures that stood at the door to receive us and to whom, so primitive is the place, our cycles were a novel and interesting sight, three *sécularisées* in black caps and dresses came forward. But under the unfamiliar costume we recognized our old friends, and, after a few minutes' talk, we realized that here as elsewhere the French nuns meet the cowardly and cruel persecution that pursues them with an uncomplaining sweetness that does not prevent them from clinging with gentle tenacity to their work.

Amettes has scarcely changed since the 12th of August, 1769, when Benedict Joseph took leave of his birthplace, never to return. The cottage where he was born, the church where he was baptized, are well-nigh unaltered; some of his relations still live in the village, and are, we are told, excellent Catholics; of his fourteen brothers and sisters, some were priests, who during the dark days of the Reign of Terror were noted for their courage and devotedness, and one of his younger sisters, a certain Elizabeth Labre, is still remembered as a person of remarkable holiness.

All of them were well content to remain in the lowly state of life to which they were born; it never occurred, either to the saint's relations or even to his countrymen, to make capital out of the fame of one whose characteristics: humility, simplicity, and poverty, are still stamped upon his native village. Except on certain days in the year when deputations from different parts of the diocese flock to Amettes, the place never loses the quiet, primitive aspect that gives it such a restful charm; it is too far away from the beaten track, too little known, ever to become a crowded and popular pilgrimage.

Our first visit was to the church, which like most village churches in Artois, stands on high ground. It was formerly served by Marist Fathers, who, like their neighbours the nuns, are now *secularisés* in obedience to M. Combes' iniquitous decree.

The church is well built, and more solid in appearance than many village churches in northern France, this region being, unlike Normandy, singularly poor in architectural specimens of any importance. Only the choir has been added since the days when the boy Benedict was brought here to be baptized; the fonts, the confessionals, the side altars are unchanged. We look at the latter with special interest, remembering that here the little lad, grave and devout beyond his years, often served Mass and received Holy Communion. One of the altars is decorated with quaint old paintings representing the souls in Purgatory, and we imagine how the boy, so intent upon spiritual things, must have gazed with wide open eyes at this curiously realistic image of the burning souls.

These things are contemporary with our saint's holy and happy childhood, but others have been added since his death. Thus a relic of his body sent from Rome is kept in the church, also the coarse mattress on which he breathed his last, under the roof of the charitable butcher, Zaccarelli. Then against the walls are the *ex votos*: marble slabs, crutches, and gilt hearts, that tell of the favours attributed to the saint's intercession.

One of the most curious circumstances of St. Benedict's story is the extraordinary and sudden celebrity to which he attained. The unknown beggar, whose sanctity was noticed only by a narrow circle of simple souls, had barely breathed his last when his name became a household word in the Eternal City. The Abbate Marconi, a priest who was Benedict's Roman confessor, wrote a few months after his penitent's happy death that, even then, it was impossible to keep an exact account of all the supernatural favours attributed to his intercession, and when, some years later, the "cause" of his beatification was introduced, over two hundred cases of well-authenticated miracles were produced by the Promoter of the Cause.

These cases came from Spain, Italy, Switzerland, and Germany, as well as from the saint's native land. One of his first miracles, however, was worked in favour of a poor woman named Marie Bayard, who lived at Hesdigneul, a village between Amettes and Boulogne. Benedict was only lately dead, but news had come to Amettes of the honours paid to

his remains by the people of Rome, and of the many miraculous cures attributed to his prayers, and Marie Bayard, who for the last fifteen years had been a hopeless cripple, determined to go to Amettes and invoke her holy countryman in the church where he had so often prayed. With much difficulty she was placed in a cart, conveyed to Amettes, and then carried into the church, where she heard Mass. At first her sufferings were such that she seemed about to faint from excess of pain, but she prayed on with undiminished faith ; then the answer came : suddenly the sick woman rose, alert and brisk, and, for the first time for fifteen years, walked without assistance.

The people gathered round Marie Bayard, and among the first to offer her congratulations was an aged peasant woman, whose tearful eyes and broken voice betrayed her deep emotion. This was Benedict's venerable mother, who, at this visible sign of her son's power in the Courts of Heaven, must have felt herself rewarded for the sacrifice she had made of his beloved presence on earth !

As we read the inscriptions, outpourings of grateful hearts, that commemorate the blessed pilgrim's gracious kindness to his clients, we muse on the mysterious dealings of Providence ! How frequently are the Divine Master's words realized within our experience : those who seek oblivion and obscurity are raised to glory, and sanctity is often the path that, even in this world, leads most surely to immortality.

Close to the village church, under the shadow of a plain cross, rest the saint's father and mother, the simple peasants whose early teaching and example laid the foundations of their son's holiness ; and, a few steps beyond, in a green hollow, stands the long, low cottage where Benedict was born.

It has remained in the same state as it was a hundred years ago, a typical cottage of Artois, white-washed, with a red-tiled roof. It is built as the villagers of these northern provinces invariably build their homes, out of reach of the rough blasts that sweep the plains.

We wander through the house freely ; the door remains wide open, and the pilgrim may linger as long as his curiosity or his devotion prompts him, with no fussy sacristan or paid guide to hurry his steps or disturb his musings.

On the bare walls are inscriptions that inform us of the different uses of the rooms, when they were lived in by the Labre family. First comes the kitchen, that also served as



a little shop, where, while her husband worked in the fields, the saint's mother sold the different articles: needles, thread, and wool, needed by the village housewives. To the right is a room that served as a sleeping apartment, and to the left a small place with an oven for baking bread.

Benedict's own room, during the years he spent at home, was a small low attic, to which we have access by a steep staircase. Here, in prayer and penance, the lad prepared himself for his future calling. Some ancient furniture that belonged to the family is still kept in the house, and sentences from the saint's letters are printed on the walls, but only Benedict's room has been transformed into an oratory, plain and primitive enough, and, as such, in keeping with the aspect of the place.

In former days some sheds and outhouses stood in front of the cottage; these have disappeared, with the exception of a barn, where, according to a local tradition, the saint often retired to pray.

Around the green field that slopes down from the road to the cottage, fourteen stone shrines have been erected in honour of the Way of the Cross, a devotion particularly dear to the heart of Benedict.

Although the church and the cottage are naturally the objects that most attract the visitor at Amettes, the memory of the blessed pilgrim is linked with the country roads, the green fields, the hedgerows, and even with the narrow stream that flows through the valley. His figure seems to haunt the quiet spot, so remote and unspoilt in these days of universal civilization, but at Amettes he appears to us more as the bright, gentle boy, whose kindness and helpfulness made him a general favourite in his native village, than as the austere and silent Roman penitent, whose life was one long act of expiation for the sins of men.

Next morning we heard Mass in the parish church, and realized still more vividly the atmosphere of simplicity and recollection that pervades the place; little lads were there, of the same age as the boy Benedict when he knelt at the foot of the quaint old altar of the Holy Souls; men and women from the village, but, except ourselves, there were no outsiders.

After an affectionate farewell to our kind hosts, the *sécularisées* Augustinian nuns, who receive the pilgrims to Amettes with a loving cordiality all their own, we resumed our homeward



route, resolved this time to discard the train altogether and to perform the whole journey on our cycles.

In the bright sunshine of a perfect autumn day, we rode along the quiet roads which our pilgrim saint so often trod, past Erin, where he learned to labour and suffer for his fellow-men; past the now, alas! solitary Chartreuse of Neuville, where a chapel erected in his honour is a lasting memorial of his stay among the disciples of St. Bruno. Then on to Montreuil, the ancient capital, which is seen at its best in the evening light, its red ramparts glowing in the setting sun, its wide open gateway, through which in past times kings and queens, saints and warriors passed in turn, extending a hospitable welcome to the twentieth century pilgrims from Amettes in Artois.

BARBARA DE COURSON.

### *The Catholic Soldier and his Chaplains.*

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As a body, the Catholic soldiers of the British army have no very great grievance against the Government in the matter of religion. It is a remarkable fact and eminently gratifying, that the authorities provide in a most generous manner for the ministrations of their creed. By a curious anomaly, the same Government, which recognizes in the soldier his need for the solace of religion, has laid itself open to charges of neglecting the same in the case of the navy. This is a matter which has not escaped the vigilance of the Irish Bishops, as we are all well aware. Nevertheless, whatever disadvantages of religious ministrations may be the lot of the Catholic sailor, it cannot be said that his soldier comrade has much to complain of. Nor, for the matter of that, can the British public accuse John Bull of an attitude of apathy or of a want of generosity in accommodating all sects of the army where their spiritual claims are concerned. It is true that abroad, and notably in India, Wesleyans have had their grievances on this score; but even in the case of the Wesleyans, matters are improving; the Indian Government has to a very great extent recognized their needs, and we have reason to think that every reasonable complaint would receive due consideration.

With regard to the Catholic soldier stationed at home, or in Malta, Gibraltar, and Egypt, he is ministered to either by a Catholic army-chaplain of the commissioned list or by a Catholic priest not of the commissioned list, but whose services are requisitioned for this purpose; and who, if we mistake not, is compensated for his services. The sick soldier is supposed by the Government to be attended by his priest, and the priest is held responsible for the religious instruction to be imparted to the soldier's children. Each year during the great Indian trooping season a paid Catholic chaplain is to be found on every troopship, who in his official capacity as Roman Catholic

chaplain to the troops, has every facility afforded him in supplying the ministrations and consolations of religion to the Catholic officers and men and their wives and children who are passing to and fro.

The number of Catholic troops in India is at times very considerable. We keep there a standing army of, roughly speaking, some seventy thousand men. Shiploads of time-expired men annually return to England, Ireland, and Scotland, and year by year the troopships carry back to India vast numbers to fill the places of those whose period of service has terminated.

In addition to this, some of our Catholic soldiers obtain promotion in the various military departments, and remain for a long period with their families on foreign service. Others marry and settle down for good in the country, and our colleges, schools, and convents take in their children. Again, many of the children to be met with in our schools and orphanages are children of soldiers who have died in India. Thus, it can without difficulty be conjectured how great is the number of British military Catholics, their belongings and offspring, who demand the spiritual care of their priests in the East.

And yet, throughout the whole length and breadth of India there is not to be found one commissioned army-chaplain; not one whose name appears in the Army List. Nevertheless, under the rules and regulations sanctioned by the Government of India, ample provision is made for the spiritual needs of our Catholics, and nowhere in the British dominions shall we find such a large number of Roman Catholic military chaplains as we find in India. Their names, it is true, do not appear in the Army List, nor are they, strictly speaking, commissioned chaplains; but they are military chaplains truly enough, paid through the military department, recognized alike by officers and men as having an official status, and they enjoy more freedom from military rules and regulations than their commissioned *confrères* who work under the War Office, whilst at the same time they can exercise a more active and useful ministry, as I shall demonstrate later on.

Now, it may be asked: "Where do all these military chaplains come from?" We must call to mind that in India there are over two thousand Catholic priests at work. About eight hundred of these are Europeans. Most of these European priests are from Belgium, Germany, France, Holland, and Italy,

and only a few are English or Irish. All the same, it would be erroneous to conclude from this, that the interests of the British Catholic soldier suffer in any appreciable degree. The writer cannot deny that, here and there, appointments to the chaplaincies are not of the best. Officers and men alike sometimes complain that their priest does not understand them, that they do not understand their priest, and that he is apparently not qualified and Anglicized sufficiently for the duties of his post. The remedy in these cases surely rests with the officers and the men, with the Bishops and with the Government; but it is quite a different matter to blame all our Catholic chaplains in India because of the ineptitude of a few. The Jesuits in and about Calcutta, Bombay, Karachi, Poona, and other places, assign to the troops men who, though in most cases foreigners, are every way fitted for their work and have a very fine knowledge of English. In the Madras district, under Archbishop Colgan, the Mill Hill Fathers and others are quite up to the standard required; and the same is to be said about the Mill Hill priests who minister to the troops in the Northern Punjab and along the frontier. A few of the Capuchin Fathers who work the dioceses of Lahore and Agra are English and Irish, whilst others in these dioceses have a fair working knowledge of English. In other parts of India too, foreign chaplains are to be found who have made themselves successful with the troops, and the instances here cited ought to be sufficient to dispel the notion that, as a general thing, the interests of the Catholic soldier in India suffer by reason of incapable chaplains. It cannot, however, be denied that religion does seem to suffer in certain cases where the wrong man is put to the work, but, as I have already pointed out, the remedy for such cases is a little wholesome agitation locally.

On the whole, no difficulty exists on the spot, in finding chaplains qualified for the work, and the writer ventures to think that under this system, where priests with local knowledge and years of experience are employed for the purpose of serving the army, Thomas Atkins finds his priest much more of a guide, philosopher, and friend, than he would otherwise be supplied with.

Many of the Indian chaplains have been at their posts for years. They have acquired great experience amongst soldiers. They know what temptations the men are subject to locally. They understand the native surroundings and the Oriental

environment, and as a consequence of all this the Catholic chaplain has a greater and firmer hold on the soldiers.

Quite recently, in the *Tablet*, prominence was given to the matter of the grievances of Roman Catholic chaplains in India. A long letter was published, setting forth the details of a memorial intended to be forwarded to Lord Kitchener by a certain Father Philip, O.S.F.C. Whilst giving Father Philip all credit for good intentions, the writer begs to differ with him and to place a few facts before the general reader for further information.

In the first place the chaplains of India, of whom the writer is one, have not as a body selected Father Philip as their mouthpiece and official representative. It will also be noticed that the memorial is not presumably being forwarded through the Bishops or Archbishops. In the North Punjab the majority of our chaplains who received notice of the proposed memorial from Father Philip took no further interest in the matter, and one great reason of this was that the original proposal in the memorial suggested to the Government the granting to Catholic chaplains of a pension of some fifty rupees a month—much less than an ordinary subordinate would get.

"Army Chaplain," in a letter which appeared later in the *Tablet*, hit the nail on the head when he explained that years ago the Catholic Bishops refused to have their chaplains put on the same level with Anglican chaplains. Some of the Bishops objected, fearing the Government would have too great a hold on the priests, and fearing great difficulties for the continuity of their work, if chaplains were subject to sudden transfer. Whether it was wise or not to take up this position we leave to others to decide; but one thing is certain—the proposal of Government fell through and has not again been advanced since that time. The question of pension would probably have been settled at the same time. As things stand at present, a Catholic chaplain is not pensionable; but it must be remembered also, that he is not subject to compulsory retirement at any age. It would be very unfair to omit to take into account that these two matters of inequality of pay and granting of pension, are matters that were taken notice of by the Government of India itself some twenty years ago; and at that time Government wished to place Catholic chaplains on an equal footing with chaplains of the Church of England, and intimated to our Catholic Bishops its willingness to do so.

There may, no doubt, be practical difficulties of detail in any pension scheme, but into these I need not at present enter. Taking things as they are, and, at most, expressing a passing regret that they are not better, I should now like to supply a few details which will illustrate the generosity of the Government of India towards our Indian chaplains.

When a Catholic priest first embarks on his career of chaplain in an Indian cantonment, Government pays him a salary of two hundred rupees per month, plus thirty rupees a month for horse allowance, and some twenty-three rupees a month for the up-keep of his church. That is to say, Government gives him, roughly speaking, some two hundred pounds per annum.

If the priest has no church and one is needed, Government builds him a church, supplies him with church furniture, chalice and monstrance, vestments, and nearly all the things requisite for Divine Service, besides looking after annual repairs.

After seven years of service, a vacancy occurring, the priest's salary is raised to two hundred and fifty rupees per month, and after another seven years, a vacancy again occurring, the monthly salary becomes three hundred rupees.

Catholic Archbishops and Bishops supplying chaplains, receive from Government a yearly allowance in compensation for their responsible labours in collecting the returns of births and baptisms, marriages and deaths, and forwarding them to Government.

Not only is the Government generous in its dealings with Catholic chaplains, but this very generosity supplies financial back-bone to their usefulness in many other ways. The chaplaincies are in the hands of priests who belong to Religious Orders or Societies, such as the Jesuits, the Capuchins, the Mill Hill Fathers, and others. Now these men do not keep all their salary. They manage to live on less than half of it, and the Superiors of the various dioceses are the recipients of the residue, which enables them to support their schools and orphanages and their native missions. Thus, the system works admirably and is a good one for the Catholic Church.

To refer again to the soldier. He is well cared for in hospital and there comes in touch with his priest. Should he be seriously ill notification is immediately sent to the priest, to whom every facility is afforded in attending to the sick and dying.



A soldier may wish to join the Catholic Church. Sometimes a man who through mistake or carelessness has joined the army as a Protestant, wishes to rectify the matter and wishes to have his religion changed (as the army expression puts it). No difficulty stands in the way. All that the man has to do is to present himself to his commanding officer and express his desire. He may do this on his own account, or he may bring a letter from the Catholic chaplain. The next time regimental orders are published, it is notified to all concerned, that such a man is in future to be classed as a Catholic.

Every inducement is held out to men to keep steady. Now-a-days a soldier experiences far less temptation to drunkenness than formerly. The temperance movement for soldiers, known as the Army Temperance Association, has been strongly upheld both by Government and by regimental authority. As a member of this association a soldier has a further motive for abstention from intoxicants, inasmuch as he receives a bonus for his fidelity. From a humanitarian point of view, the Army Temperance Association is doing a noble work among the troops. In most cantonments the priest also has his Roman Catholic temperance hall, where the Catholic soldiers can assemble and keep in touch with one another and with their priest. In conjunction with this last-named work, the Catholic chaplain, as a rule, works a Confraternity of the Sacred Heart, by means of which a regular attendance at the sacraments is assured. Where the pledge proves too heroic a feat for weakened nature, some of our more "knowing" chaplains are working on the lines of the anti-treating league.

The temperance work is carried on, and carried on with a will. It is most edifying to watch the lives of those men who keep in touch with their priest—to see how one helps another, how comrade is helped by comrade—and to notice how regularly they attend Rosary and devotions each evening, and Confession and Holy Communion each month.

Readers who may be in any way interested in these remarks might further like to know what views obtain in military and ecclesiastical circles on the vexed question of church parades.

Church parades for all denominations are compulsory on all Sundays of the year, on Good Friday, and on Christmas Day. There can be no doubt that however much or however little a soldier cares for going to church, he intensely dislikes having to go through the form of church parade. He has to appear on



parade in review order, his uniform must be brushed and garnished, he must answer his name, undergo a close scrutiny by sergeant-major and others, and, north of Meerut, ever since the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny, he has to take a well-cleaned rifle along with him.

It is difficult to offer a solution of this difficulty. Some, who have given the subject much consideration, are of opinion that church parades should be done away with. They think the result would be, that only those interested in their religion would then attend church, and that there would be more sincerity about Divine Service. Others, who have given no less thought to the subject, consider the church parade a most useful institution. From a military point of view they maintain that church parade in all its strictness is needed to keep the soldier up to the mark in the matter of discipline, and from a spiritual point of view they argue that church parade prevents backsliding and brings the unwilling and the unreligious to a place of worship where they cannot help hearing the Word of God, and where something in the service or in the preacher's remarks may perchance bring them back to a sense of duty and what they owe to God.

There is, indeed, much to be said on both sides. The writer would venture to suggest a third course, namely, a modified form of church parade. That is to say, let the men be called on to answer their names, let them be told they must attend service respectably dressed, and let them perhaps return to barracks by themselves. Certainly, anything like too searching a scrutiny, anything savouring of the odiousness of over-exacting fault-finding should be restrained, as turning the men directly from church parade and indirectly from their religion altogether.

It is true that every department of life has its grievances, and the British church militant no doubt has some grievances also. Nevertheless, on the whole, as will be seen from the foregoing account, our soldiers and our soldier-priests, both at home and abroad, have much to feel grateful for.

J. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
*R. C. Chaplain, Punjab.*

## *The Poems of William Nassington.*

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THE county of York in the fourteenth century could boast of several poets, the best known and in his day the most popular of whom was Richard Rolle, the Hermit of Hampole, one of the greatest early English poets, who was also a mystic, a theologian, and a prose writer. Far less celebrated, but still a charming minor poet, was a follower and evidently an ardent admirer of Richard Rolle, named William Nassington, who lived into the latter half of the fourteenth century. Unfortunately no biographical details of him have come down to us; all that is positively known of him is that he filled the office of Proctor in the Ecclesiastical Court of York. He was therefore a layman and an attorney, though his poems breathe such tender piety, and show such deep religious feeling, that he might well have been a monk or friar, or at any rate a priest.

His very name is uncertain. Nassington may have been his surname; or it may have been the name of his birthplace, for he is often called William of Nassington, or it may have been both; perhaps he was Nassington of Nassington, and lord of the manor, but this is mere conjecture. Nassington is a little village in Northamptonshire, and from here he most likely came. At any rate he eventually made his way to York, and there filled the office of proctor, and found time to write poems, of some of which we here give specimens.

He was not an original poet, or at least only one small original poem by him is known, "On the Trinity and Unity." His works are translations of Latin poems, or metrical versions of existing prose works. His principal poem is a translation of the Latin *Speculum Vitæ* of John of Waldeby, of which the Early English Text Society are bringing out an edition from the Tiber MS., which has unfortunately been greatly damaged, and partly destroyed by fire. This MS., which Mr. Horstmann<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Richard Rolle of Hampole.* Edited by C. Horstmann. Vol. ii. pp. 274 et seq. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.

thinks is the original one, and is the oldest extant, is dated 1350; it also contains three smaller poems, all translations. These are, "St. Mary's Lamentation to St. Bernard on the Passion of Christ;" "Rolle's Form of Living," in verse; and "The Spirit of Guy," a longer poem—a kind of religious ghost-story.

To compare Nassington with Richard Rolle is like comparing moonlight to sunlight; for William Nassington shone by a reflected light, inasmuch as he was a translator and versifier rather than an original poet. Moreover, Richard was a genius, William a man of talent; but talent is not to be altogether despised, and he had a very great talent for writing smooth, easy-running verse, coupled with a great facility for rhyming.

He lacked the fire of Richard's genius, his burning love, his inspiration, his exquisite lyric power; but, on the other hand, William is often brimming over with tenderness; he shows deep piety, and a great gift for delineating character, and a dramatic power that are foreign to the scope of Richard's work. In the "Spirit of Guy," the characters of the Prior, Guy, his widow, and a friar, are all most strongly drawn, while in "St. Mary's Lamentation," our Lady is so vividly depicted that the poem might have been written by a contemporary who had known her personally.

Of course, without knowing the originals, it is difficult to say how much of this power of delineating character is due to Nassington; but the "Spirit of Guy" shows such dramatic power, as will be seen in the quotations, in the way in which the story is told, that we are inclined to ascribe a great deal of the character-drawing also to him. The same child-like simplicity which characterizes Richard Rolle's poems also marks those of Nassington.

"St. Mary's Lamentation," taken from a sermon of St. Bernard, is in eighty-eight stanzas, each stanza containing eight octosyllabic lines, rhyming alternately, and frequently alliterative. The *motif* of the poem is a conversation between the Blessed Virgin and St. Bernard, to whom she appeared in church, on the Passion of our Lord. The piety of the writer is shown in the opening stanza, which, slightly modernized, reads as follows:

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Almighty God in Trinity,  
Through beseeching of Mary chaste,  
Maiden and Mother of pity,

As I am sinful, help in haste,  
 Lord, send thou some grace to me,  
 Some word to say that be not waste,  
 But that our souls the better be.

The poet then goes on to say there is no tongue that can tell the sorrows of Mary, who, when her Son was "beaten with scourges strong," wept tears of blood, according to the testimony of St. Bernard and "her cousin John."

The blood out of her eyes so ran;  
 For care, her heart near clave in two,  
 Saint Bernard, that holy man,  
 Bears witness, that it was so.

St. Bernard goes to a church to learn more of her sorrow, and she appears to him and asks him what he wants; this leads to the conversation which forms the subject of the poem.

Ah! Lady where wast thou for woe,  
 When they Him bound and beat so fast?  
 I know thou wouldst not flee him fro',  
 Thy heart was so firm and steadfast.

He then tells her he would fain have stood by the Cross, where our Lady stood, and begs her not to grieve if he speaks of her Son's pains, but he longs to know more about them.

As thou art maiden and mother His;  
 What did my Lord in all His pain?  
 When He was nailed and did not amiss,  
 What were His words? This would I frayne.<sup>1</sup>

Our Lady replies that he has pierced her heart as with a spear; for it grieves her sorely to hear her Son's death mentioned, but St. Bernard's tears move her to answer him, and she proceeds to tell him how meekly her Son suffered, and would have suffered much more, had it been necessary, for the souls of men.

I saw Him hang high as a thief,  
 He saw, I stood in sorrow and care;  
 Yet did my weeping Him more grieve,  
 Than all the pains He suffered there.

Certainly, she continues, it was "well seen" when He confided her to John; but for woe she turned red and green; nevertheless, she will tell St. Bernard all His pains. The Saint thanks her for telling him of his "lovely Lord," and she then describes the Crucifixion, when He was nailed with "three nails

<sup>1</sup> =ask.

of steel," and His beauty taken from Him, than whom was never any so fair, so that she would that they had hanged her by Him, to die and end her sorrows in that place.

I had great bliss when I Him bore,  
So were His manners mild and good :  
Now was all turned to sorrow sore,  
When He was wrenched and rent on rood.

The Jews commanded her to pass on quickly, but she followed fast after Him, and cried to them to let Him go ; but they paid no heed to all her tears and sighs ; and when they nailed Him she cried aloud and said " Alas ! "

My Lord, my Son, and my solace,  
That ever has been so mild and sweet,  
Have mercy on me ere Thou pass.

She makes her moan to the Magdalen and asks her to comfort her, and pray for her to Him that she also be slain with grief before she left that place ; but Magdalen does not know what to say : she is herself so weighed down with sorrow ; but suggests they should go away into the Temple, saying :

Thy colour that was white and red  
Is now all wan with grief and care ;  
I see my Sovereign draw near death,  
And yet thy mourning grieves me more.  
I would we went out of this place  
Into the Temple I rede<sup>1</sup> we fare.<sup>2</sup>

It were better, said Mary Magdalen, to go away, it helped not their staying there ; but our Lady asks where they should go, and wishes they were dead with Him, and asks when will their hearts break ; but she will not leave Him.

I were not kind, that well I ween,  
When He thus hangs if I should flee.

And she will stay on that hill, and no Jews shall drive her away.

The two following stanzas have been almost destroyed by the fire ; St. Bernard is speaking, and asks what our Lord's words on the Cross were ; and our Lady tells him how He bequeathed her to John, her " cousin," and how they then looked on each other " with simple cheer," and how she there took St. John for her son, as though he were of her near kin.

<sup>1</sup> =advise.

<sup>2</sup> =go.

But one thing Bernard did me woe ;  
 When my Son said, Me thirsteth sore,  
 To get Him drink, fast did they go ;  
 With great despite would they not spare,  
 Vinegar and gall they mingled so,  
 And in a sponge they hid it there ;

and she cried out to Him not to drink it, but He told her it must be as His Father willed, and bade her weep no more, for He was going to His Father, and soon after He would send for her, but He must go first. After our Lady has told all the words on the Cross, St. Bernard asks about the taking down from the Cross, and the burial, and which of His friends were present, and of her grief and St. John's mourning.

And she tells how "Sir" Caiaphas and Pilate both gave Joseph, who had "come to town," leave to take down the Body, and "Pilate's knights stern and stout," and "other folks a full great rout," some His foes and some His friends, went with Joseph :

I followed fast with all my might,  
 With John and with my sisters two.  
 Among them there, there stood a knight,  
 Blind he was and lame also.

They all said his name was Longinus, and made him go under the Cross, and gave him a spear, and made him pierce our Lord's side.

Then waxed my heart heavy as lead  
 When I saw that rueful sight,  
 The water clear, and the blood red,  
 That ran out of the wound full right ;  
 Then, fell I down as I were dead,  
 Longer to stand had I no might.  
 John did me comfort in that stede,<sup>1</sup>  
 So did Joseph, that noble knight.

Then the "knights" went to Pilate, while she was lying in a swoon, and when she recovered, she begged Joseph to take Him down.

Nicodemus the nails out drew,  
 And Joseph lapped Him in his arm—  
 Both they loved Him well eno',  
 And took Him down without harm.

And when they brought Him to our Lady,

I kissed His mouth with mickle woe,  
 Cold it was and nothing warm.

<sup>1</sup> =place.



All men sorrowed that were there; but she more than all, and had she not believed He would rise again, her heart would have broken, when they bore that "body bright" to the burying.

St. Bernard then asks where our Lady was when our Lord was seized on Maundy Thursday and taken before Caiaphas, and she answers that she saw that sight also, and describes the Way of the Cross; the Saint next asks where she and John and the Magdalen were after the entombment; but the first part of her answer is missing.

Into a chamber, they made me go,  
Where my dear bairn was wont to be;  
John and the Magdalen went also,  
For nothing would they wend from me.  
I waited about in the same room;  
But of my Son could I nought see;  
Among us was so mickle woe,  
That in swooning we fell all three.

In this terrible grief no one could comfort them, till they knew how He, their sole comfort, should fare; but our Lady was full ready at the tomb to "look after" His Resurrection.

The poem concludes with St. Bernard's thanks to his "Lady, mother, and maiden mild," for telling him of her and her Son's sorrows; and says now he is certain that wherever he may be, our Lord's Passion will shield him from the devil and all his works; and he prays our Lady never to let him depart from her, and to shield him from the pains of Hell.

The above quotations will give some idea of the beautiful picture the poet has drawn of the Mother of Sorrows, so overcome with grief that she frequently swoons, and would fain die with Him, who is all her joy; and yet how brave and strong she is; she has no fear of the Jews, of whom she speaks with righteous anger and contempt; and she will not yield to the Magdalen's entreaties, to go away from the Cross; and even when they come back from the burial to that empty room, her faith does not fail, but she takes care to be "full ready then to look after His uprising."

The poet seems almost to have known her personally; it is no conventional picture of the *Mater Dolorosa* that he puts before us, but a living woman, a mother weeping for her child, a brave, noble, sweet saint, strong to love and strong to endure; we feel as if we had been speaking to one who had seen and spoken to her, as we read his vivid description of her.

The second poem is merely a metrical paraphrase of Richard

Rolle's letter to the recluse, Margaret Kirkby, called "The Form of Living," which is a treatise on the active and contemplative life, and appears to have been very popular; it is written in rhyming couplets of octosyllabic lines.

The "Spirit of Guy" is a metrical version of an older prose translation of a Latin tract called *De Spiritu Guidonis*, which is an account of the appearance of the ghost of a man named Guy, and of the conversations he holds with a certain Prior, who is sent for to lay the ghost.

In the year 1323, in the month of December, at Alais, thirty miles from Avignon, a certain citizen named Guy died, and "his ghost without visible form" appeared to his own wife and tormented her greatly eight days after his burial. On St. John the Evangelist's day, his widow went to the house of the Dominicans at Alais and asked to see the Prior, and told him how her husband's ghost was annoying her, and asked his advice as to what she could do to get rid of it; concluding, that she firmly believed the spirit was in the bed in which her husband died.

The Prior, who as we shall see, takes a very serious view of the matter, does not care to act on his own responsibility, so he tells her to wait whilst he takes counsel with his wise brethren.

Therefore he said, "Dame, hold thee here,  
And unto God make thou thy prayer,  
For long shall I not from thee dwell."  
Then made he ring the chapel-bell,  
To gather the convent all together;  
And hastily when they came thither,  
He declared them all this case,  
As the woman said it was,

and asked them what was best to be done.

The friars advise that the Prior and two of their brethren, the master of theology and the master of philosophy, should go to the mayor of the city and ask him to send certain men with them to Guy's house to investigate this mysterious business.

The mayor takes even a more serious view of it than the Prior, for he orders two hundred men, armed from top to toe, to go with the Prior and do boldly what he bids them. He bids them, in the first place, all to be shriven, and then to hear Mass with devotion; and himself sings a Requiem:

And therein made he mind of Guy,  
And prayed for him full specially.

And after Mass then houselled<sup>1</sup> he  
All the men that would houselled be.

The Prior then full privily  
In a host took God's Body,  
Under his frock with good intent—  
But no man knew, that with him went.  
He and the men and the Masters<sup>2</sup> two,  
To Guy's house, began to go,  
And the wife went with them in fear.

Arrived at the house the Prior distributes his armed men in sets of three; some on the roof, and some on the tiles, some in the windows and some in the gardens, some at the doors and some about the house; quite determined not to let the ghost escape. He places them in "threes in tokening of the Trinity;" he then enters with his two friars and says, "*Pax sit huic domui*," and goes straight to Guy's bed-room, which he sprinkled with holy water, and says the *Veni Creator Spiritus* and some other prayers.

Calling Guy's widow, who was weeping and trembling, he bids her show him the bed in which her husband died; she points it out, and begs him to pray and say his beads for her husband's soul, and when she has said this,

Down she fell as she would die,  
Upon another bed thereby,  
For grief and woe she waxed all wan.  
And then the Prior thus began  
And said: "*Dominus vobiscum*."  
His brethren answered all and some,  
And after that he said alone  
The first gospel of St. John,  
"*In principio*," clerks it call;  
When that was said, then sat they all  
Upon a board the bed beside,  
And said the service in that tide  
That for the dead ought for to be,  
*Placebo* with the *dirige*  
And after lauds aloud said they,  
Seven psalms with the litany.  
And *Agnus Dei* when they said thrice,  
They heard one answer on this wise,  
A feeble voice, there might they ken,  
As of a child, saying *amen*.

They were all very much afraid, and the Prior, who throughout the poem takes a very high and mighty tone with the poor ghost, often contradicting him flatly and accusing him

<sup>1</sup> =communicated.

<sup>2</sup> Masters in theology, a title still used in the Order.

of lying, now conjures him in the Name of the Holy Trinity to speak to him if he may, and not to leave the room till he has answered all they ask him. The ghost, speaking louder than before, tells the Prior to ask what he will, and as far as he can and may he will answer.

The armed men, hearing this voice, all come rushing into the room, their arms in their hands, thinking they would see some ghostly thing ; but they saw nothing, only they heard the voice, and the Prior bade them stand still while he questioned the ghost, asking it first whether it is a good or an evil spirit.

The ghost, with some casuistry, answers that he is a good ghost as to his kind, because every creature God made is good, but he is evil as to his pain, which he is suffering for his evil deeds. The Prior, who is evidently fond of arguing, proves to him that he is not an evil spirit, because pain is a good thing when it is sent to punish sin, but the poor ghost maintains it is evil to him that is suffering it ; so the Prior waives the question, and asks whose spirit he is. The ghost replies he is the spirit of Guy, who died recently in that place.

The Prior said : " Then will I find  
By reason that thou art unkind,  
That thou mak'st such slander and strife  
Unto Guy's body and his wife.  
For aye whilst Guy was a living man,  
Full righteous was he holden then  
And true in faith, of noble fame,  
And his wife was holden the same ;  
And for these marvels that thou mak'st,  
Now will men say in every place,  
That Guy was a man of evil life  
And therefore torments he his wife."

The ghost replies he is not unkind, for all he received from Guy in his life was his body, in and with which he sinned, and for those sins he, the ghost, is now " kindly " suffering in Purgatory.

" And if I suffered not this pain,  
Guy's body and his soul certain  
Should suffer pain without an end,  
In fire of hell with many a fiend."

For every man shall suffer penance for his sin ;

" Either in this world where they dwell,  
Or else in purgatory or in hell ;  
And every man might better here  
Suffer pain through seven years,

As much as any man suffer may,  
Than in purgatory a day.  
And a day here to suffer care  
May of a year release him there."

The poem is a long one, of over two thousand lines, so we have not space to do more than touch on its most salient points, and must pass over some of the Prior's questions and the ghost's answers. Rather a warm discussion arises from the Prior asking if the ghost knows who are the saved and who the lost, to which the spirit replies it is not God's will that he should describe such things; to do so he must have been in Heaven and Hell, and he is in Purgatory.

"The pains in hell may I not see,  
I never was there and never shall be;  
And to heaven I may not win  
Till I be cleansed of my sin."

This does not please the Prior, and he calls the ghost a false and deceitful spirit, because if the prophets of old when living foresaw and foretold the Incarnation, much more should Guy's ghost, who is a pure spirit, be able to see the lost and the saved.

The ghost is quite equal to the occasion, and does not hesitate to tell the Prior "his words are waste," and that there is no likeness between "prophets that stand in history, and souls that are in Purgatory."

"And sir, I tell thee for certain,  
That I may now no angels see,  
But them that has the keeping of me.  
Therefore I may not say certain  
Which are in joy and which in pain."

The Prior wisely drops this subject, and inquires in what place the ghost now is, and the spirit says he is here in Purgatory; then, says the Prior, Purgatory must be here in that place; to which Guy's spirit answers there are two Purgatories—common Purgatory and "departable" Purgatory. "Now," says the Prior, frankly, "I conclude you are a liar, because a soul can't be punished in two places at the same time." The ghost, who throughout gets the best of all their arguments, answers gently, "That is so; therefore I am punished by day in this departable purgatory, and by night in common purgatory."

The Prior next asks where common Purgatory is, and the ghost's answer that it is in the middle of the earth, leads to a metaphysical discussion, which the Prior closes by asking why

this spirit was punished in Purgatory. The ghost answers because he sinned on earth and did no penance in his life.

After this the Prior asks what men dread most in the hour of death, and the ghost says, "The ugly sight of evil spirits that make them afraid, for many shall be about them." The Prior would like to know a remedy against them; and the ghost says, "For those who have lived an evil life and despised the sacraments, and die unshriven in mortal sin, there is no help, for the fiends will come,

"And take him with all their might  
And say to him, 'Thou wearied wight,  
Come with us now into hell,  
There without end to dwell.'"

But if a man die shriven clean and houselled, even though he has not done penance for his sins, his good angel will come and answer the fiends, and defend him, and plead our Lord's Passion for him and say:

"And the merit of Christ's passion now,  
Shall be between both him and you,  
And serve him both for shield and spear.

And Christ's Face that buffeted was,  
Betwixt him and your face shall pass,  
So that he shall, if he you see,  
For your boast not abashed be.  
All Christ's body spread on rood,  
Shall be unto him armour good;  
So that ye shall have no power,  
Him for to hurt in no manner.

Thus shall the good angel help him,  
Against the devils grisly and grim."

The spirit then goes on to tell how our Blessed Lady will also help us at that hour, if we have ever done anything for her: indeed, if a man be shriven clean before he dies, the ghost says, Mary will be bound to help him, and will reason with the fiends, and tell them that she is Maiden and Mother of Jesus Christ; crowned Queen of Heaven, Lady of all the earth, and Empress of Hell, and therefore through the will of her Son she shall desire that all the prayers and Masses said in this world and all almsdeeds turn to this man's reward: and she will command the fiends to depart and annoy that soul no more.

The Prior next asks if at death, any man may see Jesus



Christ, and Mary His Mother bright, or any of the saints ; and the ghost answers No, unless it was so holy a man that he had no need to go to Purgatory. This answer does not please the Prior, and he disputes it, but the ghost proves he is right ; and the Prior's next question is, whether the spirits know what prayers and suffrages are made for them on earth, and Guy's spirit answers "Yes." To test the truth of this, the Prior asks him to tell him what Mass he said that morning, and the spirit says, "The Mass of the Holy Ghost." "Now," says the Prior, "I know you are a deceitful spirit, for I said a Requiem Mass." But the ghost argues, and takes nearly a hundred lines to prove he is right, because the Prior said in his Mass one prayer of the Holy Ghost, which prayer helped his soul more than all the rest of the Mass that went to help the other souls in Purgatory, therefore,

"Of Saint Spirit I say thou sang."

This somewhat plausible argument appears to satisfy the Prior, who next asks for how many souls a priest can say Mass at one time, whether quick or dead ; and the ghost says, "He can say Mass for all souls living and dead at one time, because our Lord offered His Body on the Cross for the salvation of all mankind, so can the priest offer the Holy Sacrifice for all." Then the Prior asks what prayers, after Holy Mass, may most help a soul out of Purgatory ; and the spirit answers certainly the Seven Penitential Psalms and the Litany, but

The prior said : "That were not right  
The *Pater noster* is more of might  
For it was made of Christ God's Son."

"And the *Ave* made angels,  
Unto Mary for man's meed,  
And the twelve apostles made the creed ;  
And the seven psalms are earthly works,  
Ordained of bishops and of clerks  
For men to say for sin alone ;  
And David made them every one.  
And neither David well we ken,  
Nor bishops nor no other men,"

are equal to our Lord, or even to the angels, or the Apostles, therefore he thinks their prayers

"May not of such merit be,  
As the *Pater noster* and the *Ave*."

The voice answers him, that certainly the *Pater noster*, *Ave*, and *Credo* are the best prayers in themselves, because of their makers.

"But nevertheless, sir, certainly,  
The seven psalms and the Litany  
For to say are most sovereign,  
Unto the souls that suffer pain,"

and this because the seven psalms are said against the seven deadly sins, which they destroy.

Then the Prior asks if they can help this spirit to whom they are talking by their prayers, and the ghost says Yes, if they will say five times the five (*sic*) joys of our Lady that will help him very much, so they all knelt down and with great devotion said the hymn, *Gaude virgo mater Christi*.

And thereof was the ghost full glad,  
And said to them, "Well have ye said,  
My pain is somewhat passing now,  
That I may better speak with you."

After further conversation, the Prior asks if the ghost has ever seen the Blessed Sacrament since he left this world; and the ghost, to the astonishment of all present, answers that he sees It now, for the Prior bears It in a box on his breast. Then, said the Prior, why did you not honour It if you saw I had It with me? And the ghost said:

"I have It honoured in my kind,  
With all my might and all my mind  
Since first that thou It hither brought  
Although that thou perceived it not."

Then said the Prior, "I command you by virtue of this Blessed Body to follow me to the outermost gate of this house," and the ghost answered, "Gladly, not your person, but my Lord Christ whom thou bearest." Then the Prior began to go quickly, preceded by the two other friars, to the gate, and the Prior, looking behind to see if the ghost was following, saw nothing, but heard a noise coming after him *like a broom sweeping the pavement*. Thereupon he turned and ordered the spirit to show himself visibly, but the ghost paid no attention. When they reached the bed on which Guy's widow was lying, she began to gnash her teeth, and cry like a madwoman, and then swooned; so the Prior stopped and inquired the reason of her grief, and after some hesitation the ghost says it is because in his lifetime they both committed a sin, for which, though they had confessed it, they had not done the penance set them.

Then the widow recovers from her swoon, and asks Guy's spirit if she will be saved, and he tells her Yes, and asks her to pray for him, which brings down a rebuke from the Prior, who asks why he does not beg him and his friars to pray for him rather than his wife; because "men of religion are nearer to God's service than any woman." And the ghost, who is quite as outspoken as the Prior, replies he loved his wife more than any man of religion, and therefore he went to her first.

After some more conversation between Guy and the Prior, the widow begs the latter to ask the spirit how she can be delivered from the pain his appearances cause her, and the Prior conjures the ghost to leave his wife in peace. "That do I not," says the spirit, "unless she lives chastely in widowhood, and has three hundred Masses said for herself and me."

The Prior then asks the spirit if he can hear men speaking to him, and he says certainly he can.

And then the Prior said again,  
"Thou hast ears then to thy hearing;  
Wherefore thou art a bodily thing,  
And not ghostly as thou hast told."  
The voice answered with words bold:  
"The Spirit inspires whereso He will,  
As Holy Writ thus tells us still:  
And His voice well may thou hear,  
But thou mayst in no manner  
Know what place He comes fro'  
Nor unto what place He will go."  
And right as he these words did say  
All suddenly he went away.

He makes this dramatic exit, saying in Latin the text: "The Spirit breatheth where It will, and thou hearest His voice, but knowest not whence He comes or whither He goes." They all waited till Evensong, but they heard no more of the spirit, and then the Prior dismissed them, and counselled the widow to do as the ghost bade her, and that she should have a priest singing in that room every day till Easter, which she did, but nevertheless all that same week she dared not enter her house.

On the day after the Epiphany, the widow went again to the house of the Friars Preachers, and arranged with the Prior that he and twenty other friars, some Augustinians, should go again without any lay-people to Guy's house, and see if they could hear any more of his ghost.

On arrival the Prior began the *Placebo* and *dirige*, and when

he came to the time that *Requiescant in pace* should be said, there came a wind and a sound as of a broom sweeping the pavement, and some of the folks present were afraid, but the Prior conjured the spirit to speak and answer their questions.

Then the voice with words meek  
As a man that had been sick  
Unto the Prior thus did say :  
" Why grievest thou me thus every day ?  
It is not long since I told thee,  
All that thou would ask of me,  
What should I now say to you here ? "

A friar, who was a great diviner of spirits, asks if the ghost is still suffering, and the spirit says the Masses that were sung have released him from common Purgatory, but he still suffers the pain of fire. Then the Prior says they are all come there in order to report to the Pope this spirit's manifestations; therefore he begs him to show them some marvel.

And the spirit, whose blunt, outspoken common-sense is very delightful, says : " I am not God ; it is He that says and does marvels, but nevertheless I say to you, that you preach better than you have done before, especially against the sins of simony, usury, manslaughter, adultery, great swearing, and bearing false witness." The Prior, who is decidedly difficult to suppress, nothing abashed, asks how many more Popes there are to be before the end of the world. The ghost replies : " God knows things that are to come, and I can only tell you what is told me. Go your ways, and pray for me and for the souls in Purgatory."

The poem concludes by saying all these tales were told to Pope John XXII., who, the following Easter, sent some of his men to the house to seek out the truth, but of the ghost they heard nothing, and therefore they believed he was now in Heaven.

The Latin text of this revelation is extant in many MSS. ; the English prose text from which this poem of William Nassington was probably made, is printed in the edition of *A Yorkshire Writer and his Followers*, published by the Early English Text Society with the poem.

We have not space here to touch on Nassington's original work, a short poem on the "Trinity and Unity," which is a lovely little piece, but based mainly on the *Mirror of St. Edmund*, a Latin work translated into English prose, probably by Richard Rolle.

DARLEY DALE.

## *Japan and Christianity.*

### I.—THE PREACHING OF THE EARLY MISSIONARIES.

WHILE in her civil and military organization modern Japan has been making the gigantic strides now patent to all the world, she has not by any means neglected the pursuit of science, nor—what more particularly concerns us here—the encouragement of historical research.<sup>1</sup> Thanks partly to native and partly to foreign scholars, much good work has recently been done in examining the ancient records of the empire of the Mikado. Although it cannot be pretended that all the available sources of information have yielded up their secrets, the experts seem satisfied that they are now in a position to write the history of the Japanese nation with some degree of accuracy. Accordingly, in more than one quarter the attempt has been made to gather up the various threads and present the story as a connected whole. For the earlier ages Mr. W. G. Aston,<sup>2</sup> for the period of intercourse with the Portuguese, Spanish, and Dutch traders, Messrs. Murdoch and Yamagata<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In his wonderfully interesting little book, *Things Japanese*, Mr. Basil Hall Chamberlain, Emeritus Professor of Japanese and Philology in the Imperial University of Tōkyō, says of this matter: "An enormous amount of historical material has been unearthed from the archives of the ex-Daimyos, from temple records and other miscellaneous sources, dealing not with state occurrences only, but with trade, industry, literature, manners, and customs, everything in short which goes to make up the life of a nation. The text arranged chronologically, with widely varied illustrations, is slowly passing through the press, and is expected to fill 300 volumes of 1,000 pages each, while reproductions (some of them in facsimile) of over 100,000 documents will fill 200 volumes more, of 600 pages each. 1915 has been announced as the probable date of completion." (*Things Japanese*, Fourth Edition, 1902.) The Japanese seem to be in a fair way to out-Americanize even American ideas of monster undertakings.

<sup>2</sup> See the sketch of "Early Japanese History," in *Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan*, vol. xvi. and the translation of the Japanese work *Nihongi*.

<sup>3</sup> *A History of Japan during the century of early foreign intercourse (1542—1651)*. By James Murdoch, M.A., in collaboration with Isoh Yamagata; Kobe, Japan, 1903; 746 pp. royal 8vo. The Preface is dated November, 1903. I have made constant use of this work in the pages which follow. It should be noted, however, that our information from the Japanese side is often very defective. As

have compiled scholarly narratives based upon a study of all the accessible native documents.

Naturally it is the latter epoch, closely bound up as it is with the history of the introduction of Christianity into Japan, which most interests us here. Hitherto, perhaps, we have depended too exclusively upon the information supplied by the missionaries themselves. As it is we are led to ask: What are the conclusions of extern inquirers regarding the first preaching of the Faith in the extreme East? What answer is to be made to the sneers so often levelled at St. Francis Xavier and his Japanese converts? Are the narratives of the missionaries to be treated as fairy-tales invented only to edify the credulous and bring honour to themselves? I cannot, perhaps, better illustrate the point of view from which these questions are approached, even by those who would resent any imputation of hostile animus, than by quoting a few sentences from the book of an agnostic essayist which has recently appeared.

Christianity [writes Mr. Saleeby] first reached Japan on August 15, 1549, when the noble missionary, St. Francis Xavier, landed at Kagoshima. He remained in Japan for two and a half years. The number of converts claimed for the Jesuit missions of this time<sup>1</sup> is 600,000, according to Mr. Lafcadio Hearn. Professor Foxwell, in his recent lectures at the Royal Institution, put the figures at 1,000,000. The difference does not matter however, for all authorities, according to Professor Foxwell, are now agreed that the conversions were mainly nominal,<sup>2</sup> bringing with them, as they did, the acquisition of novel and efficient weapons from the Portuguese. Hence Christianity became a source of danger to the ruling powers, to whom these well-armed converts offered no allegiance.<sup>3</sup>

Mr. Chamberlain remarks, "We should know next to nothing of what may be termed the Catholic episode of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, had we access to none but the official Japanese sources."

<sup>1</sup> I may perhaps be pardoned for saying that this is very misleadingly worded. No one has ever pretended that 600,000 converts were made in St. Francis Xavier's time. It was not until fifty years afterwards that anything like this number of converts were claimed by the missionaries.

<sup>2</sup> It has unfortunately been impossible to consult the text of Mr. E. Foxwell's lectures. They do not seem to have been published separately, and they were not reported in the *Times*. But, as we shall see, if Mr. Foxwell really said what he is here reported to have said, his statement is hardly in agreement with the facts. All the real authorities, men whose intimate acquaintance with the history of Japan is recognized throughout the scientific world, I mean such scholars as Sir Ernest Satow, Mr. B. H. Chamberlain, Mr. W. G. Aston, Dr. Riess, and Pfarrer Hans Haas, are committed, so far as I can see, to a much more favourable view of Japanese converts.

<sup>3</sup> C. W. Saleeby, *The Cycle of Life according to Modern Science*. London, 1904, p. 204.



I will for the present end my quotation at this point, leaving some further remarks of the same writer to be dealt with in a future article. What has here been insinuated affords abundant matter for comment, the more so that it seems desirable to say a few preliminary words about the discovery of Japan, and the introduction of those European weapons which the islanders have since learned to use with such deadly effect.

The first mention of Japan which meets us in Western literature occurs in the famous Travels of Ser Marco Polo, a narrative which was probably completed about the year 1305. After announcing that he is about to speak of certain islands to the east of the Indian seas, he tells us that he will begin with "Chipangu."

Chipangu<sup>1</sup> is an island towards the east in the high seas, 1,500 miles distant from the continent: and a very great island it is. The people are white, civilized, and well favoured. They are idolaters and are dependent on nobody. And I can tell you the quantity of gold they have is endless, for they find it in their own islands, and the King does not allow it to be exported. Moreover, few merchants visit the country because it is so far from the mainland, and thus it comes to pass that their gold is abundant beyond all measure.<sup>2</sup>

Although Marco Polo is of course quite wrong about the gold, for Japan has never been a great gold-producing country, there can be no reasonable doubt that "Chipangu" was really identical with the land of the Mikado. Even at this period it must have been fairly well known to the inhabitants of Cathay, among whom Marco was then sojourning. So too it is possible that the Venetian traveller's highly-coloured description of the temples of Chipangu roofed with plates of gold may not have been without its influence upon the subsequent voyage of Columbus. The famous letter and map of the mathematician Toscanelli, which are supposed to have determined Columbus to undertake his adventurous journey, give great prominence

<sup>1</sup> Our word "Japan" and the Japanese *Nihon* or *Nippon* are alike corruptions of *Fih-pên*, the Chinese pronunciation of two written characters which mean literally "sun-origin," i.e., the place where the sun comes from. This was a very natural name for the Chinese to use of a people far to the East of them. The Japanese had originally a large variety of names to denote their own country, some of which, as Mr. Chamberlain points out, would not be convenient for telegraphic purposes. For instance: *Toyo-ashi-wara-no-chi-aki-no-naga-i-ho-aki-no-mizu-ho-no-Kuni*, which means, it appears, "the luxuriant-reed-plains-the-land-of-fresh-rice-ears-of-a-thousand-autumns-of-long-five-hundred-autumns."

<sup>2</sup> Marco Polo (Edit. Yule), ii. p. 199.

to Chipangu as the land which the mariner would first meet with as he sailed due West from the Antilles. The promise of this letter is most alluring :

But from the island of Antilia, which is known to you, unto the most noble island of Cippangu there are ten "spaces." For that island is most fertile in gold and in pearls and in gems, and they cover the temples and royal houses with solid gold.<sup>1</sup>

It may be regarded as highly questionable whether Toscanelli ever wrote such a letter, but supposing him to have done so, there can be no doubt that these facts were borrowed from Marco Polo, and that in this way the Chipangu of the earlier traveller contributed something to the discovery of America.

It was not fated, however, that Japan for long ages to come should be approached from this side of the broad Pacific. The first Europeans to reach the islands were the Portuguese merchants boldly pushing their trade from the Moluccas in the direction of China. The most generally familiar account of the discovery, that popularized in the romantic adventures of Mendez Pinto, is in some details demonstrably false. Still in its broader features his account of the landing of the Portuguese in Tanegashima and of the introduction of fire-arms into Japan seems to be correct, and it is borne out both by native and Christian evidence which has only come to light in our own day. I copy one of these Japanese narrations at length because it helps to dispose of the unpleasant innuendo about the close connection of missionaries and fire-arms conveyed in a passage already quoted. This account was written by one Dairyuji Fumiuyuki between 1596 and 1615, and he consequently may well have learned the history from eye-witnesses.<sup>2</sup> Be this as it may, the following is the story he tells.

On the 25th of the 8th month of the 12th year of Tembun (Sept. 23rd, 1543 A.D.), a big ship arrived at the bay of Nishimura in the island of Tanegashima. The crew consisted of about one hundred persons, who were quite different to the natives in their

<sup>1</sup> H. Vignaud, *Toscanelli and Columbus*, Appendix. An enlarged English edition of this monograph has been published in sumptuous form by Messrs. Sands and Co. In this extraordinarily interesting essay Mr. Vignaud, an *attaché* of the United States Legation in Paris, seeks to prove that the letter and map attributed to Toscanelli are forgeries. If he has not completely established his contention, he has so shaken the credit of the legend that no reliance can any longer be placed in it.

<sup>2</sup> I quote the translation provided by Mr. Murdoch, who gives references to an article in a Japanese historical journal by Professor Tsuboi.

appearance and language. The natives regarded them with wonder and curiosity. There was one Chinese scholar called Goho among the crew. With this Chinese the headman of the village, named Ori-be-nojo, held a conversation, writing with sticks on the sand,<sup>1</sup> and learned from him that they were merchants from Western countries. Ori-be-nojo then directed them to steer their ship to a port named Akaogi, 13 *ri* distant from the place. At the same time he informed my grandfather and my old father Tokitaka of the arrival of the strange ship. In consequence Tokitaka dispatched many small boats to tow the foreign ship to Akaogi, where she arrived on the 27th. The crew were given lodging at a Buddhist temple at the port. All the time the Chinese Goho acted the part of interpreter. There were two chiefs of the foreign merchants, one being called Francisco and the other Kirishita da Mota.<sup>2</sup> They had one article in their possession which was about two or three *shaka* in length. It was straight, heavy, and hollow. One end, however, was closed, and near it there was a small hole, through which fire was to be lighted. The article was used in this way: some mysterious medicine was put into it, with a small round piece of lead, and when one lit the medicine through that hole, the lead piece was discharged, and hit everything. When it was discharged, light like lightning was seen and noise like thunder was heard, so that bystanders invariably closed their ears with their hands. On seeing this article, Tokitaka<sup>3</sup> regarded it as a most extraordinary thing, but did not know its name or its use. Afterwards people called it "teppō," but I am not sure whether the name is of Chinese or of native origin. One day Tokitaka asked the two foreigners to teach him its use, and he soon became so skilful that he could nearly hit a white object placed at the distance of a hundred steps. He then bought two pieces, regardless of the very high price asked for them, and kept them as the most precious treasures of his house. He continued to practise shooting incessantly, and at last made himself so skilful that he never missed his aim. As for the manufacture of the mysterious medicine, Tokitaka had his retainer, Sasakawa Koshiro, instructed in it. He also ordered some blacksmiths to manufacture the tube, and after much labour they so far succeeded in their work that they could produce almost similar articles, but they did not know how to close one end. Next year the foreign merchants again came to Kumano-ichi-ura in Tanegashima. Among them there was one blacksmith. Tokitaka was filled with joy, and at once sent one of his retainers, Kimbeinojo Kiyosada, to learn from him how to close the

<sup>1</sup> It may be well to remind the reader that Chinese and Japanese, though they are not acquainted with each other's languages, can communicate by writing, because they use the same written symbols for the same ideas.

<sup>2</sup> The reader will note that these names when compared with those of the extract from the Macao annalist which follows, are not wholly unrecognizable.

<sup>3</sup> It is worth while to notice that other Japanese accounts of the episode agree in preserving the name Tokitaka.

end. In this way the manufacture of fire-arms was learnt, and in a year or so sixty or seventy muskets were manufactured.<sup>1</sup>

Professor Tsuboi concludes that "although there are various opinions concerning the exact date of the first coming of the Portuguese, September 23rd, 1543, A.D., as given in this book, is the most trustworthy." I agree, however, with Mr. Murdoch in thinking that the Jesuit chroniclers, who wrote the same history for the benefit of their own European brethren, are more likely to be accurate.<sup>2</sup> One of these, conveniently named by Father Cros "the Annalist of Macao," evidently possessed exceptional opportunities for obtaining accurate information. He has left the following report of the same incident, an account published for the first time three or four years since in Father Cros' invaluable *Life of St. Francis Xavier* :

The first among Europeans to discover these islands were the Portuguese, . . . but it was only in 1542 that Japan itself was visited. In this year, . . . Antonio da Motta, Francisco Zeimoto, and Antonio Peixoto went in a *junco* from Siam to China, when a great tempest called *Tufao* (from the Chinese *Tay-fum*, or the Japanese *Tay-fu*, great wind) drove their *junco* for twenty-four hours out to the open sea, and brought them among the islands of Japan : they landed on one of those islands, called Tanegashima, in the Sea of Satsuma. The Portuguese taught the inhabitants of the island how to make arquebuses (*espingardas*), *an art which quickly spread through the whole of Japan*. The memory of these three Portuguese, of their names, and of the service they rendered, is still honoured at Tanegashima. Fernão Mendez Pinto, in his book *Fingimentos*, represents himself as one of the three of the *junco*, but that is false, as are many other things in his book, which seems to have been composed rather to amuse than to set forth truths. Later, another Portuguese vessel went to Bungo, as our brother, Yisfoken Paulo, a Japanese, writes in his *Monogatasi* (Dialogues), and he himself has told me orally of the fact. In Bungo they traded with these Portuguese without a word passing ; the scale and the weights served as words.<sup>3</sup>

Now the points upon which I desire to lay stress are these : first, that the importation of fire-arms began with the first

<sup>1</sup> Murdoch, *History of Japan*, p. 42.

<sup>2</sup> St. Francis writing in January, 1552, states that it is eight or nine years since Japan was discovered. "Ha oyto ou nove annos que forão descubertas estas ilhas de Japão pelos portugueses." (*Monumenta Xaveriana*, i. p. 676.)

<sup>3</sup> The Annalist of Macao, translated by Father Cros, *Saint François de Xavier*, ii. p. 45. (Murdoch, pp. 33, 34.) This Jesuit writer of Macao came to Japan in 1577, and lived many years with one of St. Francis' first converts. The Annals in question seem to have been composed in the early part of the seventeenth century.

coming of the Portuguese to Japan, seven years before St. Francis Xavier set foot upon these shores. Secondly, that according to both Christian and native testimony, the Japanese at once set to work to manufacture fire-arms for themselves. Thirdly, that during the seven years intervening between the discovery of Japan and the arrival of St. Francis, the Portuguese found time to establish a regular trade with these distant islands. It seems hardly worth while to multiply testimonies upon the point; but I may note how a second Japanese account informs us that after the first landing of the Portuguese "they returned the next year accompanied by some blacksmiths, who taught them (the natives) how to manufacture fire-arms." Other Japanese from different parts came to the island and were instructed in the manufacture. "Thus," concludes the writer, "*in a few years after this the weapon was diffused throughout the country.*"<sup>1</sup> Other indications enforce the same conclusion. For instance, in 1577, Otomo Yoshishige wrote to Cabral, the Jesuit Vice-Provincial, that "at the beginning of the navigation from China to Japan (and so presumably before the coming of Xavier), he had had a Portuguese with him for more than three years, who cured his brother, the King of Yamagushi, of an arquebus wound."<sup>2</sup> Moreover, nothing could be more clearly established than the fact that between the discovery of Japan in 1542 and the arrival of St. Francis in 1549, a brisk trade was kept up by Portuguese merchants with these islands of the Far East, despite the incredible dangers of the voyage. The letters of Xavier himself, the strict accuracy of which no critic has ever ventured to question, can leave no room for doubt upon the point. In the epistle despatched from Cochin, January 20, 1548, he speaks of a Portuguese merchant with whom he was intimately acquainted, who not only had visited but "lived for a long time" in Kagoshima,<sup>3</sup> and he goes on to remark that "*all the Portuguese merchants who come from Japan (todos los mercaderes portageses que vienen de Japon)* assure me that if I go thither I shall do more for the service of God our Lord than

<sup>1</sup> Murdoch, p. 42.

<sup>2</sup> Murdoch, *History of Japan*, p. 36. Mr. Murdoch, as we shall see, is very far from writing as an apologist of the missionaries, but he fully endorses the opinion that fire-arms and other forms of merchandise were freely supplied to the Japanese by the Portuguese traders before the coming of St. Francis Xavier.

<sup>3</sup> "A un mercader portugués, amigo mio, que estuvo en Japón muchos días en la tierra de Angero (*i.e.*, Kagoshima) le rogué que me diese por escrito alguna informacion." (*Monumenta Xaveriana*, p. 434.)

would be possible amongst the pagans of India, the Japanese being a people of great good sense (*de mucha razón*)."

A still more conclusive piece of evidence on the fire-arms question, though it belongs to a later date, is the fact that the Prince Riüzōji, who was all his life surrounded by bonzes and was the sworn foe of Christianity, was extraordinarily well supplied with such weapons. Out of 25,000 men he commanded at the battle of Shima-bara (1584), no fewer than 9,000 were equipped with matchlocks.<sup>1</sup>

Under these circumstances, I venture to say that the insinuation that the Christian converts enjoyed a sort of monopoly of fire-arms and were in consequence justly regarded with suspicion as a dangerous and disaffected element of the population is as preposterous as it is uncalled for. Not the least fragment of positive evidence is adduced in support of the charge. The case would be different if we had any reason to believe that the missionaries attempted to gain the favour of the more influential Japanese by gifts of arms or powder. We know that when they did occasionally make presents, the offerings were of a quite different character. There is record for instance on one occasion of a "*manicordio*" (? harpsichord) and a clock being presented by Xavier to Yoshitaka, the ruler of Yamaguchi.<sup>2</sup> This "king," as St. Francis calls him, would have bestowed upon the missionary a considerable sum of money in return, but Xavier declined to receive such an offering. The only acknowledgment which he craved was permission to preach the Christian religion without interference, and this Yoshitaka at once freely accorded him. I may note that a record of these presents is not improbably preserved in a confused form by some of the native chroniclers. The History called *Nihon Tsugan* speaks of certain traders coming from China who were courteously received and entertained by this same prince, Yoshitaka. He invited them to his table, and they in turn presented him with a number of wonderful objects. Amongst these is mentioned a clock "which struck twelve times exactly both in the day and in the night," and also "two glasses for the eyes by means of which even an old man might see as clearly as a young one." While another account of the same incident in the work called *Yoshitakaki*, besides the striking clock and the spectacles, makes

<sup>1</sup> Murdoch, *History of Japan*, p. 99.

<sup>2</sup> See Satow, *Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan*, vol. vii. p. 135. This we learn from a letter of Father Torres.



mention of a musical instrument which played of itself without any one touching it.<sup>1</sup> It is possible that this may be identical with the *manicordio* of Father Torres.<sup>2</sup>

But it is really a waste of time to treat seriously the suggestion that the possession of Portuguese fire-arms went for much in the persecution subsequently directed against the Christians. That the eagerness to possess such weapons, among other objects of Western merchandise, may have helped to make the missionaries welcome, as Mr. Murdoch and others contend, is probable enough. But, so far as I am aware, the extant evidence in no way warrants the assertion that fire-arms were a primary object of trade with the Japanese, still less that this trade was carried on through the intermediary of the missionaries.<sup>3</sup>

St. Francis Xavier landed in Japan on August 15th, 1549. He had decided to begin his missionary labours in Cagoshima, as this was the native place of Angero, baptized Paul of the Holy Faith, a Japanese convert of the better class whom St. Francis had made a Christian, and who was now to act as his principal interpreter. The strangers were cordially received at Cagoshima, and a certain amount of success attended their missionary efforts, the earliest converts being of the kindred of Angero himself. But apart from any immediate results in the way of conversions, it is evident that St. Francis was extraordinarily impressed by the character and capacities of the Japanese people. His enthusiasm had already been fired by what he had seen himself of Angero and heard from the Portuguese traders, but the reality surpassed his anticipations. It is strangely interesting, in the light of recent developments, to read St. Francis' glowing encomiums of the good qualities of the islanders, written some three months after his arrival.

<sup>1</sup> See the valuable and sympathetic volume of Pfarrer Hans Haas, one of the Council of the German Japanese Society, entitled *Geschichte des Christentums in Japan*, i. pp. 183, 184, Tokyo, 1902. It is a rare pleasure to find a Protestant missionary writing of the Catholic Church in so liberal and friendly a spirit.

<sup>2</sup> We learn from the *Annalist* of Macao that the *manicordio* had keys and seventy strings. (Cros, vol. ii. p. 139.) On the other hand, the Japanese writer, it must be confessed, seems to be describing some sort of musical-box.

<sup>3</sup> On this point the letter of St. Francis Xavier to Father Antonio Gomez is most significant. (See *Monumenta Xaveriana*, p. 649.) The only merchandise which he explicitly mentions is pepper. It is inconceivable that in this and other confidential letters there should be no mention of fire-arms, if these had formed the means by which St. Francis hoped to win the favour of the Japanese.

If we may judge [he writes] by those whom we have so far encountered, this people is the best of all peoples discovered up to this time. Indeed, it seems to me that amongst unbelievers there never will be found a race superior to the Japanese. They are delightful folk to have relations with,<sup>1</sup> kindly as a rule and free from malice, a people whose sense of honour is marvellous and who esteem honour above everything else in the world. As a nation they are poor, but poverty is not reckoned a disgrace either among the nobles (*hidalgos*) or those of low degree.<sup>2</sup>

St. Francis then goes on to say that in this preference of honour to money (a principle which is so rigidly adhered to that no Japanese noble will marry below his station, however great the fortune which a bride of lower rank might bring him), the people show a dignity which would put many Christians to shame. He adds that they have many observances of courtesy among themselves, that all, high and low, carry arms, and that they will not brook any kind of insult. Then after commenting upon their abstemiousness, upon their contempt for gambling, their stern repression of theft, and the high standard of education, so that "a large proportion of them can read and write," which is, he remarks, "a great help to them in learning expeditiously our prayers and other matters of religion," the Saint comes back to that natural charm of character which had evidently so deeply impressed him.

They are kindly disposed, affable, eager to learn: they greatly like to hear about the things of God, especially such things as they fully understand. Of all the different peoples I have seen in my life, Christian

<sup>1</sup> "Es gente de muy buena conversación."

<sup>2</sup> The original Spanish text of this letter, like that of nearly all the rest of St. Francis Xavier's correspondence, has only lately been made accessible in the wonderful series of original documents known as the *Monumenta Historica Societatis Jesu*, published by the Jesuit Fathers of Madrid. The extraordinary wealth of original material brought to light in this collection is only equalled by the punctuality with which a carefully edited instalment of over 150 pages has appeared month after month for the last eleven years, and still continues with uninterrupted regularity. The letters of St. Francis Xavier have suffered much from their loose translation into Latin and thence back again into various modern languages. No one of the existing versions, save that of Father Cros, can be trusted for any point of detail, and for all citations in this article I have gone to the original text as printed in the *Monumenta Xaveriana*, which form one of the most important volumes in the above-named collection. It is much to be regretted that this authoritative Spanish edition of the letters has appeared too late to be of use to the various Japanese scholars, like Sir Ernest Satow, Mr. Murdoch, Haas, Aston, Chamberlain, and others, who have interested themselves in the history of Christianity in Japan. The letter here quoted is printed by the Madrid editors in two versions, Spanish and Portuguese, the latter being a contemporary translation of the original Spanish. (See *Monumenta Xaveriana*, i. pp. 579 and 607.)

or otherwise, I have never known any so trustworthy in the matter of theft. They do not adore idols in the shape of animals. Most of them venerate men who lived long ago, and who led in their day the lives of philosophers, and they believe in their teaching. Many worship the sun, others the moon. They delight in hearing anything which is conformable to reason. There are, no doubt, vices and sins among them, but when they are reasoned with and it is shown them that what they do is evil, they are willing to see that reason condemns it.

After two years and a half of residence in Japan, during which time he had encountered many hardships and many rebuffs, the Saint lost nothing of his appreciation of the natural qualities of this people. "This is the only country yet discovered in these regions," he wrote to St. Ignatius on January 29th, 1552, "where there is hope of Christianity permanently taking root."<sup>1</sup> His acquaintance with the natives and their rulers had impressed him with a deep sense of the terrible labours and sacrifices which must be the price of success, but he insists with St. Ignatius and with others in authority that this is the one people of the world upon whom labour will not be thrown away, even though it should involve the sacrifice of the highest virtue and talent which the Society could furnish. And this enthusiasm was shared by the most intelligent and practical men among the missionaries who took up the work which St. Francis had begun. No more competent judge could be found than Father Valignani, Visitor of the Missions of India and Japan, a man of whom even Mr. Murdoch always speaks with respect. In his *History of the Society of Jesus in the East Indies*, Father Valignani devotes a couple of chapters to the manners and customs of those with whom he had lived in intimate intercourse for many years; and amongst other things says of them:

The people are all of them fair-skinned, and of great politeness, for even the peasants and working-men are so well bred and so wonderfully courteous towards one another that you might think they had been brought up at court, and in this they surpass not only all Eastern nations but our own Europeans. They are a race of great capabilities and of excellent understanding. The children are very quick to pick up all our ways and the lessons we teach them. They learn to read and write in an European language much more readily and in less time than our own children in Europe. So among the common people you

<sup>1</sup> "Entre todas las tyerras descubyertas destas partes solo la gente de Japón está para en ella se perpetuar la chrystiandad." (*Monumenta Xaveriana*, i. p. 672.)

meet nothing of that boorishness and stupidity which exists with us. On the contrary, they are all of them as a rule intelligent, well bred, and capable.<sup>1</sup>

A not less qualified witness writes in 1565 :

In truth this people, both in goodness of nature and excellence of wit, surpasses many nations of our Europe (be it said without offence to them), and if the Portuguese merchants entertain a less exalted opinion, or express themselves less enthusiastically about the Japanese, it is merely because their intercourse is confined to the people of the ports, who are so far removed from the culture and refined manners of those of the interior that they seem in comparison little short of rustics. Accordingly the people of Meaco (*i.e.*, Kyōto) generally term them savages in contempt, although, indeed, the people of the sea-coast are very far from being destitute of courtesy and good-breeding.<sup>2</sup>

That such qualities should encourage high hopes of the future of Christianity in Japan among all who had the sacred cause of religion at heart, is not to be wondered at. Nor does the evidence require us to believe as a rule either that the instruction of these intelligent converts was over-hasty, or that their acceptance of Christianity was, as Mr. Saleeby supposes, "mainly nominal." With regard to the former point, the statements about the wholesale reception of converts by thousands at a time,<sup>3</sup> which some enthusiastic European historians, intent on edification, have freely included in their pages, are not always, it must be confessed, calculated to exalt our opinion of the prudence of the missionaries. But there is comparatively little of this in the more sober reports of men like Fathers Froes and Valignani. They may speak of hundreds or thousands embracing Christianity, but they do not necessarily mean more than that these thousands expressed themselves willing to renounce their former superstitions and be instructed in the Christian faith. Admission to the sacraments was a different matter. The progress for the most part was slow, and that proselytes, however desirable from their eminence or their education, were not received unless they were prepared generously and publicly to confess Jesus Christ, is admirably

<sup>1</sup> *Monumenta Xaveriana*, i. p. 92.

<sup>2</sup> Letter of Father Froes to the Jesuits in India, dated March 28th, 1565. See *Rerum a Societate Jesu in Oriente Gestarum Volumen*. Edited by Father Maffei, Naples, 1573, fol. 220 v<sup>o</sup>.

<sup>3</sup> It is important to notice that many of the stories of the wholesale conversions effected during St. Francis Xavier's Indian journeys, probably had to do with the reconciliation of schismatical (*e.g.*, Nestorian) Christians, men who were already largely familiar with Catholic faith and practice.

illustrated in the story of "Ninxit"<sup>1</sup> and his fellow-bonze, as told in a letter from Almeyda, published by Father Cros. Of the truth of the facts, a perusal of the text of the letter itself renders it impossible to doubt. Although Ninxit insistently begged for reception as a sort of crypto-Catholic, and although he was willing to comply with all requirements except such forfeiting of his influential position as publicity would entail, he was never accepted on these terms, and died still unbaptized after twelve years' intimacy with the missionaries. Of this incident Mr. Murdoch writes: "In December, 1561, Almeyda, on a visit to Satsuma, conciliated the good-will of some Cagoshima bonzes, and they offered to accept baptism on condition that they should still be free to officiate at the funerals of the princes and chief men of Satsuma. Great was their astonishment to find that the exclusiveness of Christianity could accept of no such harmless condition!"<sup>2</sup> If this condition *had* been accepted, Mr. Murdoch would be the first to reproach the missionaries with conniving at insincerity and welcoming purely nominal converts.

With regard to the stability of the catechumens who were baptized, it is difficult to obtain any evidence at this early period, except that of the Jesuit Fathers themselves. It must be confessed that the study of native Japanese sources has added nothing directly to our knowledge of the life of St. Francis Xavier, though we obtain many interesting side-lights as to the itinerary he followed, the names and characters of the rulers he had to deal with, the political situation which for instance rendered his visit to the then capital (called by him Meaco, but now known as Kyōto) so barren of results, with other analogous matters. But the name or personality of Xavier himself does not seem to be alluded to in native records.

On the other hand, I may refer to one supremely interesting memorial of these earliest years of the preaching of the Jesuit missionaries, which has supplied material to Sir Ernest Satow,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Pfarrer Haas seeks to identify Ninxit, who is mentioned in Xavier's earliest letter from Japan, with a learned and influential philosopher named Nissin-Seijim, the father of Takahisa, the reigning lord of Satsuma. This identification, however, is impossible, for Ninxit (Ninjit) was evidently intimately known to Almeyda and a number of the Fathers, and what they tell us of him makes it clear that he was really a bonze; which Nissin-Seijim was not. (See Cros, ii. pp. 78-81.)

<sup>2</sup> Murdoch, p. 68.

<sup>3</sup> It can hardly be necessary to point out that Sir Ernest Satow is a specialist whose competence in questions connected with Japanese history is undisputed and almost unrivalled.

for an important paper printed in the *Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan*. We know from Xavier's own letters that he twice visited Yamaguchi, or as he calls it Amanguchi, and there made a considerable number of conversions. When he quitted this city, to go to Funai in Bungo, he left his two companions, Father Torres and Brother Fernandez, behind him in Yamaguchi. At Funai the Saint acquired considerable influence with the ruler of Bungo, who was named Ōtomo, and this powerful prince consented to request his own brother, just then installed after a revolution as *daimyō* of Yamaguchi, to take Torres and Fernandez under his special protection. Accordingly the brother of Ōtomo, who was styled Ouchi Yoshinaga, established the two missionaries in a Buddhist monastery which he made over to their use, supplying them moreover with title-deeds to paste upon the gate. By a strange freak of fortune a copy of this document was sent to Europe and was there engraved by an artist who understood little or nothing of its purport, the Japanese text being accompanied with a very inaccurate Latin translation. In this way the title granted to the missionaries by Ouchi Yoshinaga has been preserved to our day, and modern scholars have been able to correct the blunders of both copy and translation. The document was not issued until some months after St. Francis had left Japan, and the date corresponds to September 16, 1552. The following is Sir Ernest Satow's literal rendering:<sup>1</sup>

With respect to Daidauzhi (*i.e.*, monastery of the great way) in Yamaguchi Agata, Joshiki department, province of Suhau. This deed witnesses that I have given permission to the priests who have come to this country from the western regions, in accordance with their request and desire that they may found and erect a monastery and house in order to develope the law of Buddha. 28th day of the 8th month of the 21st year of Tenbun.

Suhau no suke.

August seal.

The most curious part of the document—a feature which alone would suffice to prove that it was no forgery—is the reference at its close to the teaching of the law of Buddha. The allusion was either misunderstood or designedly suppressed by the author of the blundering Latin translation, but both from this clause and from the application of the term *Sō* to the

<sup>1</sup> *Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan*, vol. vii. p. 140.



missionaries it is plain that the authorities from whom this legal instrument emanated regarded the new religion merely as a superior kind of Buddhism.

Of the Christian community thus founded by St. Francis at Yamaguchi, certain letters of the missionaries, dated thirty years later, tell us something more. But their account will perhaps be less open to suspicion if it is given in the words of Sir Ernest Satow's article, which I here transcribe.<sup>1</sup>

In a letter of Father Froes, dated "Cocinozcù," 13th February, 1583, mention is made again of the church at Yamaguchi. After our arrival in Arima, the Christians of Amanguci sent a letter thither on purpose, in truth worthy of compassion, saying: "We are the first fruits of the Christians in Japan, and mostly old men who were baptized by the chief Father, Francesco Xavier, and Father Cosmo de Torrez, and yet for our sins and scanty deserts it is nearly twenty-five years since we groan under the yoke of a tyrant, and this little flock, entirely surrounded by Gentiles, is deprived of all the sacraments, Masses, sermons, and all protection and help of Fathers and Brothers. Two old Christians of great faith and virtue, by whose teaching and example we have been in some measure sustained hitherto, to our great ill-luck, have both died lately in the same month. Wherefore we pray your Reverence from here, humbly and with prayers, to deign to remember our solitariness, in order that these souls may not perish that cost so much to the Redeemer of the world."

Speaking of the Mouri, Froes says that they had formerly been masters of fourteen or fifteen kingdoms, but that Nobunaga had deprived them of eight or nine. "And in spite of his being a great idolater, he (Mouri) has three times preferred a request to the visiting Father, and has since repeated it to the Father Vice-Provincial, to send him some of our people. And we desired it no less, but for want of workers, as well as for other important reasons, and in particular on account of his being an enemy of Nobunaga, the matter cannot be arranged for the present."

Whereupon Sir Ernest continues:

Though I have not found anything in the Japanese annals to corroborate this statement, there is no reason to discredit it on the ground of *à priori* improbability. Christianity at this moment was in a very flourishing condition, and the missionaries were received with open arms in most parts of Japan from the capital westwards, and tolerated in several others. As the Christian faith was evidently not openly persecuted, it is possible that even the Mouri may have thought it worth while to cultivate the friendship of the Europeans, who would

<sup>1</sup> *Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan*, vol. vii. p. 149.

be useful as teachers of various arts of which the Japanese were at that time ignorant. Besides, Froes was a very careful and exact writer, and the correct accounts which he gave of the political events of the period show that he was not in the habit of either inventing, extenuating, or exaggerating.

It remains tolerably clear from these remarks that Sir Ernest Satow himself has not the slightest doubt of the accuracy of the account thus sent to Europe by Father Froes. But if the story be true, as there is every reason to suppose it to be, there could hardly be a more striking guarantee of steadfastness in the faith than this appeal of "the old men, the first fruits of the Christians of Japan," destitute of priests, and as they say "groaning under the yoke of a tyrant," for twenty-five years without sacraments, Masses or sermons.

However, the general question of the sincerity of the Japanese converts at the time of the greatest development of Christianity in Japan must be left for a future occasion. For the moment I must content myself with a brief reference to one or two points upon which it seems desirable to insist in this matter.

First, it is undoubtedly true that St. Francis found it expedient to invest his mission with something of the character of an embassy from the Governor of the Indies. In this way he gained a hearing for his religious teaching which might otherwise have been denied him. Some of his critics seem almost to suggest that this is equivalent to effecting conversions by undue influence. To this one can only reply that so far as concerns the acceptance of Christianity there is not a trace of anything but an appeal to conscience and reason in the tolerably full account of his proceedings left us by St. Francis himself and his contemporaries.

Secondly, no reader however unsympathetic can venture to question the Saint's sincerity and candour as manifested in his letters. Neither can it be maintained that Xavier was a man who in religious matters was content with pretences. None the less his letters show not only that he regarded Japan as a promising field for future missionaries, but that he was satisfied of the constancy under most trying circumstances of a not inconsiderable number of converts who had already been baptized.

Thirdly, many of the biographers of St. Francis, wishing to do honour to his memory, have committed themselves to rash and exaggerated statements of the marvels which attended his

preaching. It seems tolerably certain that he never himself acquired any facility in the use of the Japanese language.<sup>1</sup> Yet in spite of this drawback a considerable number of conversions were beyond doubt directly effected by him. In judging, however, of the permanence of these results it is important that we should not take quite imaginary successes as one of the terms of the comparison.<sup>2</sup>

Let me conclude this long article with a statement to which I should like to give all possible prominence. It is taken from the first volume of a work which has a better claim than anything which has previously appeared to be regarded as the official and definitive History of the Society of Jesus. The book is the outcome of systematic research carried out in the archives of Spain and Italy by a band of scholars, at the direct instigation of the present General of the Jesuits, Father Luis Martin. At the end of the chapter consecrated to the

<sup>1</sup> Upon the question of the miraculous "gift of tongues" alleged to have been conferred upon St. Francis at Yamaguchi, I desire to pronounce no opinion. But it may be noticed: first, that it is not necessary to suppose that the Saint was ever afterwards able to speak Japanese like a native, because on one particular occasion he was miraculously enabled to do so. Secondly, that the apostolic "gift of tongues" seems to be best explained as an abnormal telepathic condition of speaker and auditors, in which the impassioned thought of the preacher, voice and gesture no doubt largely aiding, is somehow transmitted to the minds of many or all of his hearers.

<sup>2</sup> One illustration may suffice. We know that St. Francis founded a little Christian community at Cagoshima, the place of his first landing in Japan, where he spent more than a year. He himself tells us (January 29th, 1552, *Monumenta*, i. p. 680), that about a hundred converts were received there, *se fizeram perto de cem cristãos*. This is confirmed by a statement of that most accurate chronicler, Father Froes, who having under his eyes the manuscript notes of St. Francis' companion, Brother Juan Fernandez, declares that from these notes it appears that they baptized at Cagoshima about 150 persons. (Cros, ii. p. 77.) Ten years later, in 1562, Brother Louis Almeyda, writing from Cagoshima, reports (Cros, ii. p. 86) that the Christian community there numbered 200, though they had been left for some time without a pastor. But the historians in Europe give a very different impression. Leon Pagés says that Xavier baptized 300 at Cagoshima, and Tursellini speaks of 800. There is not the least reason to suppose that there was any deliberate falsification here. There is always danger of figures being incorrectly copied, and the copy of another letter of Xavier's in the *Monumenta*, p. 659, a letter of doubtful authenticity (see Cros, ii. p. xxiv. n. 96), speaks of 600 converts. But many converging indications suggest that the number was undoubtedly 100, even though Father Alcaceva in 1554 speaks of 500 Christians at Cagoshima (*De Rebus Indictis*, &c., Naples, 1573, fol. 95). The one fact which is certain from the testimony of many reliable witnesses, is that this little community of Christians at Cagoshima, like the more numerous assembly at Yamaguchi, in spite of persecution and in spite of its remaining for many years destitute of priests, held together and maintained a high level of fervour. (Cros, ii. pp. 74, 78, 79; Haas, *Geschichte des Christentums in Japan*, i. p. 156.)

Missionary Life of St. Francis Xavier, the author of the volume, Father Astrain, prints the following note :

As our readers will perceive, we add nothing new to what is already known about the life of St. Francis Xavier. Instead of adding, it has been our wish to *suppress* (hemos cuidado de *suprimir*—the italics belong to the original) a variety of incidents which are currently narrated in the Lives of the Saint. In the case of a life so extraordinary as that of Xavier, a life spent in such far distant lands, the presence of a legendary element was inevitable; and, in point of fact, it manifested itself at a very early date. Already, in the second half of the sixteenth century, Fathers Teixeira and Valignani, in passing judgment upon the Life of St. Ignatius written by Father Ribadeneira, protested against various miracles falsely attributed to Xavier, and reduced to their just proportions the magnitude of certain of his missions and apostolic undertakings.<sup>1</sup> However, these criticisms were either disbelieved or very soon forgotten. The history-writers of the seventeenth century went on exaggerating all that was striking and marvellous, and in exchange they left in obscurity many tribulations which in a remarkable way added a new dignity to that admirable life. Amongst all the Lives of the Saints that of the Apostle of the Indies is beyond doubt one of the most read but the least studied. We anxiously look forward to the day when some scholar, sound of judgment and painstaking in research, avoiding the rut of the traditional biographer and confining his attention to the primitive documents, will reconstruct in its true colours and without exaggeration a faithful portrait of the great St. Francis Xavier.<sup>2</sup>

With the expression of this hope the present writer desires most heartily to associate himself.

HERBERT THURSTON.

<sup>1</sup> See Rome, State Archives, *Censura Librorum*, vol. i. f. 20.

<sup>2</sup> Astrain, *Historia de la Compañía de Jesús en la Asistencia de España*, vol. i. p. 492.

## *An International Catholic News-agency.*

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THE prejudice against Catholicism and its adherents is not now so widely spread, or so intensely felt, as it was some fifty years ago. Intercourse between Catholics and others is easier and more frequent now than then, and as it is in such intercourse that the nature of men is most surely revealed, many more people have by now convinced themselves that, if there are things about our belief and practice which they still find strange, we are by no means so strange ourselves; that if we are firmly attached to our religion, and are always anxious that others should come over to it, we are much less given to thrust it down other people's throats than are many Protestants; that our ethical standards and moral principles are not inferior to their own; that, although like other bodies of men, we consist of individuals, each of whom has his own personal character with its defects or excellencies, we are, taken as a whole, quite as trustworthy, straightforward, reasonable, and amiable to deal with and make friends with, as are our neighbours.

None the less, there is still a dense mass of prejudice surrounding us on every side, and signifying its presence at times in open and violent speech, but much more widely and far more dangerously in the tone of silent reserve and stand-off with which our advances are met; one, too, which is by no means confined to what for want of a better word we may call the Kensit people, but extends to a more numerous and more respectable class, and persists in spite of what to us appears the conspicuous quietude and inoffensiveness of our lives. Whence, then, we shall do well to ask ourselves occasionally, does this stubborn prejudice derive its sustenance? For, though it is the offspring of an inherited tradition, the roots of which are to seek in the conditions of an age remote from our own, it is inconceivable that it should continue to live and to thrive were it not regularly drawing fresh nourishment from still subsisting sources.

These sources are many, but it would be beside our present purpose to enumerate them. We are concerned now with one only, the never-ceasing supply of stories representing the conduct of our clergy and laity in an evil light, which circulate so extensively in the modern press. We are sometimes told that this is a matter which we should do best to disregard altogether. To take up the challenge, it is said, leads inevitably to irritating controversies which are a worse evil even than that of having to sit down under the imputation; and besides, no reasonable person is likely to be influenced by such stories, which are sure to be forgotten and die at once if we are not so foolish as to prolong their lives by calling attention to them. Still, though there is a particle of truth in this counsel, it is only a particle. Irritating controversy is doubtless undesirable, but irritating controversy is one thing, and simple correction of misstatements of fact is quite another. And what is of yet more importance is that it does not appear to be the case that stories of the kind referred to are so short-lived as is supposed. Some may be, and discretion is obviously required in determining which should be seriously considered, and which may be left to die off in peace. But that many of these stories do afford ground for serious consideration is clear as soon as we put to ourselves the question, does the fact that we do not hear so much more of them in public prove that they have ceased to live in the minds of the many who have once come across them? It is not as if they bore the semblance of exceptional occurrences, or of being even to the eyes of the "ordinary reader" too absurd for credence. There is such a steady flow of them coming in from abroad, where the scenes of practically all of them are laid; and as they flow in from every quarter of the world, what wonder if they are universally credited with a common character—of intrigue, of intolerance, of cruelty, of immorality—only explicable as being the natural outcome of the religious system common to all the alleged perpetrators; particularly as they are just the kind of occurrences which, according to Protestant history-books, have been the invariable results of that religious system in the past?

Of course it does not follow that, because we have at last learned to recognize the gravity of this evil, we have the power to overcome it. We may be, and indeed are helpless, to convince our countrymen generally of the falsity of the great mass of these stories, and of the consequent certainty that if in



some few cases they should prove to be true, these cases cannot be rightly taken as typical of what we really are on the Continent any more than here in England. Still we can do something in the matter, and the question is, do we do enough to ascertain and make known the real truth about these unsavoury reports? Here it needs to be recognized that the Catholic Truth Society has certainly done a good work in this country. Some years back it recognized the need, and by this time it has produced quite a little library of publications in which the more notorious and influential of these Protestant fictions are investigated. Still there is much more left to do, and the difficulty is now not so much in circulating the information when it has been obtained, as in obtaining it in an accurate and properly authenticated form, and this before the flight of time has rendered it useless. What we need in fact is some world-wide organization with its centre in Europe and its agents in every part; with leaders having the needful zeal and capacity for a work so complicated and wearisome; and with agents, too, not chosen haphazard, for it is wonderful how few people are capable of estimating the true value of evidence, of distinguishing between first-hand testimony and hearsay reports, between plain statements and coloured representations; but agents in whose insight, industry, and candour implicit trust can be placed. To form such an organization must of course be a work of time, but it is the object of this article to call attention to a very excellent beginning which has already been made, indeed to a scheme which has already got into working order and extended its operations to the greater part of Western Europe. This is the *Central-Auskunftstelle der Katholischen Presse*,<sup>1</sup> (*Bureau Centrale de renseignements pour la presse Catholique*), i.e., *Central News-agency for the Catholic Press*, which was established a year or two back in Germany, and is under the Presidency of Dr. Kaufmann, of Weismes-Faymonville, in the Governmental district of Aachen. It includes within its scope all kinds of attacks made on the Church by her enemies—on her clergy, her Religious Orders, her missions, her doctrines and institutions—and takes particular notice of “scandals in religious houses” and complaints of “clerical intolerance;” these latter being the special weapons of the “new Kulturkampf,” which is “nothing less than a campaign of organized calumny against the Church.”

<sup>1</sup> As it is usually referred to shortly as the C.A., we shall use this short name in the present article.

It seeks to establish gradually its subordinate agencies in the different countries, and has already done so in Austria, France, Belgium, and Spain. That the reports sent to it may be thoroughly authenticated, it endeavours to obtain them, as far as possible, from the authorities themselves in Church and State, or, at all events, from well-informed Catholics whose testimony can be trusted; and here too it has had a good success, a "large number" of Vicars-General and Catholic men of learning belonging to most of the European countries having promised to lend their aid by examining and attesting the accounts of local occurrences drawn up by the agents of the Bureau in their respective dioceses.

From the materials thus carefully gathered and sent to Dr. Kaufmann, he condenses short paragraphs which are quite admirable in their clearness of style, sobriety of language, and solidity of evidence. It is transparent in fact through their text that we have in him one who has just the talent which is wanted for discriminating good testimony from bad, and discerning what the points are which we require to know in order to judge of the truth or untruth of an anti-clerical accusation; just the talent, too, for embodying the information to be communicated in concise statements which admit of being transcribed straight off by the organs of the Catholic press. And praise is also due to Dr. Kaufmann for another feature in his procedure. He realizes the importance of promptness in correcting a newspaper misrepresentation. His agents are set to work investigating as soon as ever the accusation is published, and with such success that not unfrequently he is able within a very few days to give the results of the investigation in the (more or less) fortnightly lithographed papers which he sends to his subscribers and agents. And as in Germany, and to a less degree in France, this Bureau de Renseignements is now well known, and most of the Catholic papers subscribe to it, it is quite an ordinary thing for their columns to reprint its paragraphs, to the great relief of their Catholic readers, and to the great confusion of their calumniators. But let us give a few illustrations of the good results accomplished in this way by the C. A.

A year or two ago we used to hear often, and we still hear occasionally, of what is called the *Los von Rom*, that is, of the secessions from Catholicism to Protestantism in the Austrian

Empire, chiefly in Bohemia. We were given to understand, by the special correspondents to the *Times* and the London dailies, that it was an important movement prompted by religious earnestness in a population which had grown disgusted with the hollowness and political intrigues of Ultramontaniam; and that what we were then witnessing was but the beginning of a movement likely to attain to immense proportions. It is now very generally known that there was much exaggeration in these accounts—exaggeration in regard to the facts, and still more in the anticipations of the future; that the movement was much more political than religious, being engineered in the interests of Pan-germanism, and that the attractions held out by its apostles were not usually of the most spiritual kind. The C. A. gives us some insight into the working of the movement in paragraphs of which the two following are specimens:

The population of Bohemia is mainly Czech, but in the mountainous districts which engirdle the country, particularly in the district to the north which abuts on the Saxon frontier of the German Empire, the inhabitants are of German race. In this mountain district to the north is the coal-district of Falkenau, and some of its pits are the property of a company whose shareholders and directors are subjects of the Empire, but whose workmen are mainly Czechs attracted to the place from the southern side of the Eges. The proprietors and directors were thus Protestants, but the mass of the workmen Catholics, though ill-instructed in their faith and inclined to social democratic opinions.

A few years back it was reported to the workmen that it was the intention of the management to Protestantize the entire labour-colony, a report which, as they were Social Democrats, did not greatly distress them. Without delay a change was made in the *personnel* of the officials, and a large number of the Czech hands were given notice. Shortly afterwards six apostasies from among the minor officials were announced. It was clear then how things were going; that there was already a movement working in the minds of the *employés*, and that the employers did not need to resort to threats. Presently [*i.e.*, according to the published accounts] the overseers of the pit were going over in batches. In reality in the year 1903 seven adult *employés* with six children went over to the Evangelical Church. And we now know how in these parts a nominal Catholic can be turned into an Evangelical in twenty-four hours. He has to sign his name to a printed form of apostasy, send this to the Prefect of the district, and ask him for a receipt for the announcement—and then the “convert” (for this is the name preferred by the pastors in their official documents) is finished off and completed. . . . I have before me now just such an announce-

ment, and in it a woman of an age when usually the mind is no longer there, announces her change of religion, but, being unable to write, signs it with three crosses—the pastor's wife assisting her with a signature in which she declares the crosses to be authentic. . . . There is no reason to fear lest the apostasies should reach very high figures, but it may easily be that many a poor devil will be victimized by his desire for employment, and for a lightening of the conditions under which he must earn his bread.<sup>1</sup>

Another and more recent communication to the C.A.<sup>2</sup> shows what kind of apostles are the leaders of the movement. The type will be recognized as not unlike what we are familiar with here at home.

The Austrian Government has felt itself obliged once more to put a stop to the proceedings in Bohemia of a *Los von Rom* agitator. It had tolerated him for a long time—for this agitator, a Protestant vicar<sup>3</sup> of the name of Schüle and a Würtemberger, had for three full years been busy in the neighbourhood of Boreslau, near Teplitz, in procuring apostasies by methods which had repeatedly brought him into conflict with the criminal law. As we are informed, the Evangelical *Oberkirchenrat*, the highest Protestant ecclesiastical authority in Austria, had for a long time delayed to give this Schüle his faculty to preach, chiefly because from the very first he had been guilty of encroachment on the pastoral functions. More than once had this vicar been brought up before the criminal courts for disturbing the religious peace. On one occasion—when he was convicted of having used coarse language in a public-house—he was sharply punished, and had to disappear for a time. On two other occasions he was punished for distributing incendiary fly-sheets: what he had actually done being to distribute picture post-cards caricaturing a Catholic priest in his Mass vestments. Any one who knows how inclined to Liberalism are Austrian judges, will feel that the offence must have been very bad indeed; and in fact he had gone about distributing these post-cards in the garden attached to a restaurant.

The account, which Dr. Kaufmann guarantees as from a thoroughly well-informed and trustworthy source, goes on to describe how the *Los von Rom* Press, although they knew well that the Austrian Government never expels any one from the country save when it has good reason to fear that he is bent on causing disturbances, professed to be intensely indignant that its

<sup>1</sup> See the *Magazin für volkstümliche Apologetik* for February, 1904, p. 448. This magazine was then, but is not now, an organ connected with the C. A.

<sup>2</sup> Dated November 8th, 1904.

<sup>3</sup> *I.e.*, curate.

apostle should be subjected to this indignity, and set to work systematically to improve the occasion.

The engagement was inaugurated by a discharge of heavy artillery in the local press, which endeavoured to excite its readers by sounding notes of alarm, by fabricating stories of a fearful persecution to be directed against their preachers, and of dark intrigues against the Reformation. Then after due advertisement in the preacher's place of residence and its neighbourhood, farewell services were held with farewell sermons, and farewell evening gatherings, at which prepared addresses were made, and the persecuted preacher was embraced by all.

Do we not, concludes the informant, see in cases like these in which even the Austrian Government, in spite of its indifference, is constrained to intervene, "a signal proof of the abominable character of the means by which these 'ministers of the word' attack the Catholic Church" in this district where the apostasies are taking place?

Let us now pass to the C.A.'s vindication of Continental convents from those charges of cruelty which it is quite the pet hobby of the anti-clerical press to bring against them. There are several instances of this investigation of "convent-scandals" in its numbers for 1904, but we select an instance which excited attention in England some two months ago. We refer to the charges brought against the convent at Aix in Provence, of which the *Daily News* and other papers were full at the beginning of last November. The Good Shepherd Convent at Nancy was bad enough, they told us, but this convent at Aix was now proved to be far worse. The brutalities exercised by the nuns there on the children confided to them were too appalling, and according to M. Coutant, the Deputy for the Jura district, "the girl slaves of the Aix convent were kept alive on threepence each a day, . . . though their labour enriched the convent," "that of eighteen of the children sufficing to support a community of two hundred." Versions to the same effect of this affair at Aix were circulated by the anti-clerical press of Germany in still more violent language. Accordingly the Bureau de Renseignements made inquiries, on the basis of which it issued the following report in its number for November 23rd.

The Catholic Orphanage at Aix, in Provence, has for some time past been the object of fierce attacks on the part of the non-Catholic press. In regard to this new convent scandal, we give the following

account, which is based on repeated authoritative statements which we have received. An Italian deserter opened some years back at Aix a public-house (*Animier-kneipe*) which bore a bad reputation. Owing to the bad management, this man's little daughter had grown up uneducated and was sickly and in declining health. The father did what so many French parents do when they do not see their way to repair the evil consequences of their own neglect in the rearing of their children. He put the child in an orphanage at Aix conducted by nuns, that she might be trained and tended by them. After the nuns had nursed her for some time and taught her the rules of right conduct, she went back to her parents. Whilst in the convent she had often given cause for complaint, and now she had naturally nothing good to say of a residence in the convent to which she had not been a consenting party. Accordingly abuse of the Sisters became the daily topic of conversation in the inn in question. The proprietor laid an information before the police, and in these days in France every such information leads on inevitably to judicial proceedings. Meanwhile the anti-clerical press has its own methods of utilizing such occasions. The accusations laid before the police or the *Juge d'instruction* are treated as established facts; and insignificant trifles which may have happened once or twice in the course of a decade, petty and isolated irregularities the occasional occurrence of which is unavoidable, and which are thought nothing of in the communal and state institutions; stories which at first sight appear incredible and eventually prove to be fabrications, statements made by declared enemies of the Church—all such things are described in the most drastic manner, in clean-cut phrases as slavery, inhumanity, &c., and then generalized. That so it has been and still is being done in regard to the case in hand is what we have now to show with special reference to certain points.

1. The entire press campaign against the Orphanage is based on the assertions of the aforesaid Italian deserter and proprietor of the inn with a bad reputation, together with those of a few children who had been placed in the Orphanage against their own will, and whose testimonies were conflicting on many points. The testimony of these people has been scattered broadcast over the world, just as if it were equivalent to firmly established facts. 2. As was proved in an episcopal inquiry into the case, the greater part of the detailed allegations regarding the treatment of the children are simply untrue. Thus it is untrue, and for the matter of that simply impossible, that children of five and even three years old were made to do the sewing of the house (as stated by the *Frankfurter Zeitung* for November 3, and generally by the anti-clerical press); or that a child of three years old was beaten black and blue for letting her needle drop; or that a Sister named Sister Monica used to kick the children; or that giving strokes of the cane was part of the regular order of the day (as the same papers averred). It is likewise untrue that the children were given cold douches by way of punishment, and equally untrue is the not less



ridiculous than incredible calumny that "the delinquent was made to hear Mass kneeling on the cold stone floor of the chapel, wrapped up in a sheet." Likewise untrue are the allegations that "the food was uneatable," or that "the children were forced to eat again food that had been vomited up." It is also false that "from five in the morning till late at night the needlework had to continue." At five in the morning the children were still in bed. They got up at half-past five, dressed themselves, said their morning prayers, heard Holy Mass, had their breakfast, and after that were given some time for play. It was not till after all this that their day's work began, which day's work consisted of school lessons, of needlework and housework, with intermittent pauses. After dinner succeeded an hour's play, the place of which was taken once or twice a week by a longer walk. One section of the orphans were taught some kind of manual work, which ordinarily did not last more than seven or eight hours a day, with at least a day and a half of holiday interposed each week. The girls learnt in this way some kind of work which would enable them later on to earn a respectable living, and meanwhile they earned for themselves and their younger companions their keep in the Orphanage. That the Orphanage, however, thanks to the work of these children, "did a fine business" is a fabrication which the books of the institution disprove. That "whenever a child looked up for a moment from her work down came a blow upon the poor thing, or else the good Sister would tear a shock of hair out of her head," is another calumny which makes out the Sisters to be perfect furies. It must be remembered, too, that tearing out hairs, cutting off shocks of hair, hearing Mass with wet sheets round the body, &c., are particulars which belong to the stock stage-scenery of the anti-clerical press, and are brought out in each new tale of convent scandal, with the sequel that in each case they prove to be inventions. The one grain of truth, in short, which underlies these bloodcurdling stories of the anti-clerical press, is the fact that now and again some perverse and vicious children have received whippings which they richly deserved. Inasmuch, however, as in France it is forbidden to strike scholars or pupils of institutions—a prohibition the uselessness of which has been long since recognized in Germany and other countries—the Sisters find themselves compelled to resort to other punishments, such as kneeling down or kissing the ground. We should like to ask the indignant "friends of humanity," who in the liberal and social democratic press bring such serious accusations against the Sisters of Aix, whether they themselves would never have lost their patience even on a single occasion, if they had had to do for whole decades and more with neglected children, some of whom were already totally depraved and regarded the bare fact of their detention in the Orphanage as the greatest torture of all; with children who had been brought into the institution just because their natural educators, their parents and guardians, could do nothing with them? It is obvious that children who have been badly brought up, and of

whom some are of illegitimate birth, and most are the victims of inherited ailments, children who are brought to the Sisters simply because no one else will undertake the charge of them, cannot all regain their health in the institution, and that accordingly the rate of mortality among such children, the greater part of whom are in the most delicate stages of child-life, must be higher than in the case of ordinary adults. And when out of such facts as these we find the anti-Catholic press manufacturing the simply unheard-of charge of "angel-making" against Sisters, what else have we save a proof of the absolutely unscrupulous art and manner in which this campaign of slander against the Catholic Church and her ministers is carried on?

To which account we must add that the purely *ex parte* character of this campaign against the Aix nuns is demonstrably proved by the fact that the hearing of their case in the law-courts had not come off at the time when all these papers were flooding Europe with their wholesale accusations—indeed it has not come off yet. Not that, under present conditions, even the finding of a criminal court adverse to the nuns could be taken as a trustworthy judgment on the alleged facts. We know from Monsieur H. Joly what rule was followed for deciding between the conflicting testimonies in the Nancy Appeal case. Witnesses still resident in the convent, and even witnesses who, though then residing outside, kept up their intercourse with the nuns, must be set aside as under the nuns' influence, and as such unworthy of credit. Any witness who, having left them, testified against them must be regarded as giving independent and, therefore, trustworthy testimony. By the aid of such a rule as this any case whatever must go against the nuns, if an anti-clerical judge has to hear it; and in France at the present time, though there are some just judges, it is the accident of time and place which determines whether a case in which religion is concerned comes on for hearing before one of these, or before a fanatical and absolutely unscrupulous anti-clerical.

All the slanders investigated by the C.A. are such as have been circulated in the Continental papers. The great majority of these are not, however, of the same interest to us in England, though this is only due to the accident of their not having happened to be taken up by the foreign correspondents of the English papers. Still we cannot read of them without recognizing them as specimens of the kind of thing which does get into our papers, and influences not only our blatant fanatics,

but also the large silent class to whom reference was made at the beginning of this article. Thus, to take a very few examples, in the number for September 19th we hear of a pastor, that is a parish priest, who refused to bury an illegitimate child of four months in consecrated ground, and made a scene by shutting the churchyard gates in the very face of the incoming procession—and it turns out that the story was absolutely unfounded; likewise of another pastor who declined to baptize a child of three months old because the parents had neglected to send it sooner—and it turns out that all he did was, inasmuch as the people of the place were highly scandalized and likely to give unpleasant expression to their feelings when the child was brought to the font, to advise the parents to take it quietly to some other church where the circumstances were not known to the parishioners. In the same number for September 19th, there is also a fearful story examined, according to which at a village called Fins-Haut, in the Canton of Valais, a half-witted peasant girl of eighteen was brought by the villagers, who disliked her and were wont to turn her to ridicule, to the priests of the place. They said she was possessed by the devil and required exorcizing. The story goes on to say that the priests first shut her up in prison, beat her, and starved her, then made her go barefoot on a pilgrimage of sixty miles, and finally got her into a church, where, when the door had been barred and the windows closed, she was beaten again, trampled on, and dragged up and down the floor of the nave. All was, of course, to no purpose, but happily at this stage a French journalist arrived on the scene, who sent a report to the Swiss anti-clerical paper *La Lutte*. But on inquiry of the Abbot of St. Maurice, in whose jurisdiction the village lay, the C.A. ascertained that there was just this grain of truth in the story, that the parish priest had, contrary to the Church's rules, yielded to the solicitations of the villagers and exorcized (that is, said the prayers of exorcism over the child), and had accordingly been reprimanded by the Abbot. The alleged inhumanities, however, were pure fabrications, for imputing which *La Lutte* had been prosecuted and punished by the civil authorities.

In the number for November 18th, we get information concerning a particularly horrible tale from Spain, which, if true, justified the conclusion that the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition, its torture-chambers and all, are still in use in the twentieth century. The scene of the story is laid at Alcalá

del Valle, where, according to the German anti-clerical papers, a strike took place in the summer of 1903. Ninety-four persons—consisting of men, women, and children—were arrested and put in prison, and in prison were tortured to elicit from them the confession that they belonged to a revolutionary society. All were beaten with police-staves and the flat of sabres, but the men were further hung up to the side of the wall head downwards, and in that helpless state subjected to unmentionable mutilations. In the prison of Ronda, it was added, twenty-four of these unfortunates still lingered, but had never yet been brought before their judges. However, though the German papers of the present year had nothing further to say about this case, the Spanish Government, when the Spanish anti-clerical papers first announced it, at once appointed a commissary to sift the story to its foundation. This authority issued a public notice both to the general population of Alcalà and to the persons themselves who had been arrested, calling on them to give their evidence of what had occurred. But not a single person responded.

In the number for January 11th of this year appears the refutation of a slander published in the German *Wartburg*, on November 13th, and as the scene of the supposed scandal is laid in Puerto Moutt, a town in Chile, the instance illustrates the promptness with which the C. A. is able to obtain its information. The allegation was that the German Catholics in Chile chose the anniversary of Sedan to declare their disgust at this victory for German arms by storming a Protestant Church. The truth turned out to be much simpler. There had been no storming of any church, but merely a manifestation of feeling in front of the church, and this not against the church, but against a bridal pair which had just come out of it. There is no reason to suppose that the manifesters were Germans, or that they had any thought of Sedan in their minds at the time. At all events they were only boys, and quite as likely to have been Protestants as Catholics, for the grievance against which they manifested was not religious, but merely that this particular bridal pair had not followed the usual local custom at weddings of throwing small coins to the crowd, which were usually picked up by the children.

Among the fictitious stories injurious to the reputation of the Church and her adherents, the foremost place must

undoubtedly be given to the fictions relative to the action of the Holy See, and the most valuable feature of all in the C.A. is that it has been able to place itself in communication with informants of the highest authority at the Vatican, who, perceiving the public utility of its work, have expressed their readiness to aid it to the best of their power. Several communications thus accredited have appeared in the C.A. papers of the past year. Thus in the number for June 22nd the attitude of Pius IX., Leo XIII., and Pius X. to the Roman Question was carefully defined as based on these three contentions: (1) that the Pope was unlawfully deprived of his dominions by the Italian invaders; (2) that the Pope has not at present that freedom, security, and independence which his dignity, his rights, and the duties of his office require for him; (3) that the indignity and injustice of his present position must be effectually remedied. In the number for July 12th it was stated that, contrary to what was being declared by the French papers, the Holy See was approached at the beginning of 1904 by the French Government, and asked to say whether and how he would be prepared to meet President Loubet on his visit to Rome. On September 26th it was stated that contrary to the rumour which was being spread that Cardinal Satolli had been sent to the United States to call the clergy and laity there to order and teach them their duties to the Curia, he went merely in his private capacity, at the invitation of some personal friends, to be present at the St. Louis Exhibition, and had no political or ecclesiastical mission whatever. In the number for December 28th the purport of Pius X.'s address to the assembled Bishops and Archbishops on December 12th was given by a Vatican authority, and it was thereby shown that, as might be expected, the prelates were not exhorted to discourage the ordination of intellectually-minded candidates, but only that of those who were infected by *false* modern principles, and likely to prove rebellious against the authorities placed by God over His Church. The very last number of the C.A., issued on January 19th of the present year, contains some interesting communications from the source indicated concerning points connected with the Roman Question. In the first of these it is said that the press must insist on the distinction between the spiritual sovereignty and independence of the Pope and his temporal sovereignty. The former he has no power whatever to alienate. In regard to the latter the same three points

which have been indicated above are what he has to consider, whilst up to the present no practically admissible and feasible substitute for the temporal power, such as would secure to him the unimpeded and becoming exercise of his (spiritual) sovereignty, has been brought before him. How long his present protest must continue it is for himself alone to say. Another communication tells us that in spite of what some papers have said to the contrary, the Pope has not in any single case given a formal permission to vote at the Parliamentary Elections. What he has done is, when asked by any one, to answer after the following manner. "If things are really in your neighbourhood as you represent them to me, you must consult your own conscience as to which of the two alternatives [to vote or not to vote] is the lesser evil." And, finally, in this its number for January 19th, the C.A. was able to announce that it had received from the Cardinal Secretary of State, the Holy Father's blessing and approval of its work.

This outline will suffice to show what good work the C. A. has already done, and how much more it is capable of doing when its staff is more developed and its operations extended to all parts of the world. At present Dr. Kaufmann has no branch agencies in English-speaking countries, but only a correspondent or two in England itself, who have been able to supply him this past year with an item or two of information on English or Irish matters—for instance, as to the Irish Catholic Association, which was represented in Germany, as in the (London) *Times*, as a league for excluding all Protestants from employment in Irish places of business. Very soon, let us hope, we may have agencies in this country, in Ireland, and in the United States, and likewise in South America, which, as we know, is a favourite dumping-ground for those who wish to locate their anti-Catholic fictions in some locality sufficiently remote. Meanwhile, it is well to remember that the expenses of an organization like the C. A. must be considerable if it is to go on and develop as it should, and hence that, in the present stage, any subscriptions sent to Dr. Kaufmann will be well bestowed.

S. F. S.



## *Honour's Glassy Bubble.*<sup>1</sup>

A STORY OF THREE GENERATIONS.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### TRANSPLANTATION.

" . . . . . The shady grove, the flow'ry field,  
The streams and fountains no delight could yield."

*Pope.*

CASTLE STILLBERG—henceforth to become the cradle of the new line of Hunvalagi-Stillbergs—was a long, low, irregular building, lying in one of the very freshest and greenest of the numerous green Styrian valleys that make of this Heaven-favoured province, a perfect Garden of Eden. Its many gabled roof and out-jutting little turrets could be seen from afar shining through the foliage like pale alabaster ornaments, scarce less white than the late-lying snow yet crowning the highest mountain summits, the fleecy coats of the new-born lambs dancing their traditional jigs and hornpipes on a carpet of daisy-spangled meadowland, and the profusion of pear and cherry blossom in the countless orchards spread over the land like straggling meshes of silver network.

A very picture of Paradise, painted just now all in white and

<sup>1</sup> Since the appearance of the first instalment of this story, the death has unexpectedly occurred, in Vienna, of its author, Madame de Laszowska, known to novel-readers under her maiden name, Emily Gerard. It seems advisable, therefore, to explain that the work was undertaken by her with a very serious purpose—to second the efforts of the anti-duelling movement and league, which, especially through the influence of Don Alfonso de Bourbon, seem at last to have some prospect of turning public opinion against a senseless and savage code of honour, constantly responsible for dismal and cruel tragedies. All the incidents related in her tale, the writer declared to be real ones within her own personal knowledge, though she had endeavoured to disguise them beyond the danger of identification.

Ed. MONTH.

emerald tints, and thrice happy the man who should be able to call his own such an enviable home.

But it was a moody and dissatisfied glance that Attila cast upon Castle Stillberg as he first beheld it on a fine evening in the beginning of May. His eye, accustomed to long unbroken vistas of vast plains, tenanted by shaggy flocks and droves of semi-wild horses, watched over by scarcely less shaggy and savage shepherds, refused all at once to adjust itself to the more pastoral and peaceful charms of this Arcadian landscape. All these gardens and orchards appeared to him as so many superfluous complications in the landscape, and he could perceive no manner of sense in planting hedges or erecting palings to prevent sheep and cattle from grazing at their own sweet wills impartially over the land.

And when he entered the house that was henceforth to be his own, here, too, everything struck him as strange and uncongenial. With a careless, callous eye he surveyed the lofty entrance hall, hung over with antlers of deer and chamois, the comfortably furnished rooms, and the handsome collection of ancestral portraits of long defunct and dust-grown Stillbergs; and it was only on reaching the spacious library whose walls were lined with well-filled bookcases, that his countenance perceptibly brightened.

"A splendid fencing-hall this will make, Pista!" he exclaimed. "Just the right length for the purpose, and quite broad enough too, when we have cleared out all those useless books and folios, that are better fitted to adorn a monastery than a nobleman's residence. Then by the time I have enlarged the stables, and abolished that foolish rose-garden in favour of a green paddock for the young horses, the place will be quite endurable!"

A new era now set in for Castle Stillberg, whose old portraits of gallant knights and stiffly powdered and brocaded fair ladies, frowned down from out their tarnished gold frames in surprised condemnation at the wild Bacchanalian orgies taking place beneath their eyes. The Stillberg cellars were filled with barrels of the strongest and most fiery Hungarian wines, and the Stillberg corridors re-echoed the strains of the gipsy musicians for ever hanging about the premises, and by their presence giving grave scandal and annoyance to the sober and hard-working inhabitants of the soil, whose orchards and poultry-yards were rifled, and their hay and corn-ricks burnt

down by these brown-faced savages who had neither comprehension nor respect for the laws of a civilized land.

As the natural consequence of these episodes, lawsuits and duels were presently the order of the day ; so that during the first two or three years after his accession to the estate, Attila Hunvalagi had no cause to complain of monotony in his existence. But after he had measured swords with almost every landed proprietor in the province, and had acquired the conviction that there could be little in common between himself and his neighbours, these pleasant excitements gradually died out and almost complete estrangement set in. The Styrian nobles and squires, as a rule of good-natured and peace-loving character, whose pursuits and pastimes rarely stray outside a prescribed circle of agricultural duties and sporting pleasures, cared as little for this newly-arrived young Hungarian firebrand as he did for them ; and although each and all of these easy-going, placid gentlemen had been brought up in accordance with the time-honoured tradition, prescribing that amongst gentlemen certain grave insults can only be wiped out with blood, they did not relish having affronts and duels served out to them as daily bread ; nor could they see the fun of attempting your neighbour's life or exposing your own whenever opinions happened to differ as to the pedigree of a horse or the boundary of a field.

Few visitors consequently ever rode or drove through the gates of Castle Stillberg, whose master's energies became gradually restricted to the bringing up and management of his own family, Attila having within the first year of his arrival in Styria complied with the condition regarding the German "filly," by selecting somewhat at random a certain Fräulein Leonora von Gilmer, daughter of a neighbouring proprietor, whose birth and dowry, no less than her constitutional meekness of disposition, pointed her out as a suitable consort for himself and mother of a new generation.

Whether the marriage had been a happy one or the reverse, none could say ; although a certain chronically fixed expression of fear in Baroness Stillberg's light blue eyes, and a habit of starting nervously at the mere sound of her husband's approaching voice or footstep gave colour to the legend darkly hinted at in the county of a substantial hunting-whip hanging in the conjugal bed-chamber, and the echoes of a wailing female voice sometimes overheard in the depths of night. She bore

three sons to her lord and master between the years 1840 and 1844; then after an interval of eight years, she gave birth to a fourth son, simultaneously closing her weary eyes for ever and leaving Attila a widower at the age of forty.

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## CHAPTER V.

### YOUNG ATTILA'S ROMANCE.

ATTILA did not marry again, the succession being apparently adequately secured by his four lusty and vigorous sons, Attila, Geza, Laszlo, and Bela, born respectively in 1841, 1843, 1844, and 1852.

To bring up his sons in accordance with the traditions of his race and country and as befitted scions of the great Hun, had appeared prospectively an easy matter to this Hungarian settler in Styria, who never paused to consider that man proposes, but God disposes, and that children seldom, if ever, realize their parents' ideals; sons in particular being apt (most fractiously) to take their fate into their own hands with surprising and disappointing results.

He began faintly to realize this axiom on the day of making the discovery that Attila, his eldest son, had soon after attaining his twenty-fourth year been secretly married to Miss Mabel Walrond, the pretty Scotch governess of a neighbouring family, whose members had long since desisted from any exchange of civilities with the master of Castle Stillberg.

The young people had met by chance in the forest one day when young Attila, who was an ardent sportsman, was following up the trail of a particularly desirable roebuck. Deceived by a glimpse of russet brown shining through the branches, he had imprudently fired, only to realize his mistake in the next moment, as a shrieking chorus of terrified female voices proceeding from the lair of the supposed roebuck, met his horror-stricken ear.

The escape had been an exceedingly narrow one, as the leaden bullet, piercing the folds of a light, fawn-coloured summer gown, had just barely grazed Miss Walrond's shoulder, causing a few drops of blood to trickle down upon her garments. A stranger in these parts and an enthusiastic botanist, she had unwittingly wandered over the confines of the Stillberg estate, as with a view to collecting specimens of some rare wild flowers

she had undertaken a long country walk with her two pupils, aged respectively twelve and fourteen.

Bursting through the bushes with a heart full of sickening apprehension, young Attila had then and there beheld the vision that was irrevocably to decide his fate. Beneath a giant beech-tree lay a beautiful young girl, who but for a face whence all colour had fled, might have been described as forming the centrepiece of a picture painted with a golden brush, and set in a frame of burnished gold, so brilliantly and effectively were her lustrous fair hair and the tawny folds of her clinging garments enhanced and thrown into relief by the glowing carpet of dying bracken fronds and the glittering canopy overhead of bronze and amber beech leaves. Even the large sheaf of wild sunflowers still tightly clasped in her arms, a few of whose yellow stars had been dyed crimson by a descending drop of trickling blood, seemed to have been specially designed in order to complete a picture well calculated to turn the head of an older and wiser man than was Attila Hunvalagi-Stillberg.

The result was almost a foregone conclusion, and after this thrilling accident that had so nearly escaped being a tragedy, young Attila and his neighbour's English governess often met in the forest—by chance at first, it may be supposed, or under the pretext of sporting or botanical inducements; then with ever-growing frequency and regularity, until one day the young people came to realize that Fate had caught them fast in her meshes and that henceforth any sort of life spent apart must be unendurable.

It had not been without a hard struggle that Mabel had surrendered to her lover's entreaties in favour of a clandestine marriage, for young Attila well knew that his father would never have consented to his union with an Englishwoman, who could only be regarded by him as an aggravated sort of German; but with the natural optimism of youth, he was ready to believe that reconciliation, and resignation to the inevitable, would take the place of such irrational prejudice by-and-bye.

In this assumption he was, however, mistaken, for old Attila (as he was now beginning to be called since his erstwhile jet-black hair was becoming intermingled with silver threads) never forgave his eldest son for having set his wishes at naught by choosing a wife for himself. The violent fit of passion following upon the unwelcome disclosure, brought on a paralytic stroke which left him for the remainder of his days with a disabled

right arm, henceforth incapable of wielding the sword that had been the fetish of his turbulent existence.

Although Mabel Walrond was fair, well-born, and of unimpeachable reputation, old Attila persistently refused to receive the young couple, who therefore, thrown upon their own resources, continued to eke out a rather precarious livelihood in Vienna by teaching languages—the husband instilling the rudiments of Hungarian, and the wife those of English into the minds of often dull or unwilling scholars for a remuneration of fifty kreuzers (tenpence) per hour.

Nor did old Attila relent when, some twelve years later, he received the tidings of young Attila's decease, although by this time he was left with but one remaining son, Bela, the youngest of all—for Geza and Laszlo, second and third in age, had both been carried off by small-pox within a week of each other some five years previously.

The mortuary card conveying the intelligence of young Attila's death was according to Austrian fashion signed in full by the names of all members of the deceased man's family—by Mabel Hunvalagi-Stillberg, *née* Walrond, along with her two sons Angus and Duncan, and her infant daughter Helen.

The news, for the first time thus conveyed, that there lived in Vienna three grandchildren bearing his name, affected old Attila but little—he scarcely seemed indeed to have grasped the fact of their existence, so completely had he grown accustomed to regard the "English adventuress" and her "brats" as something utterly irrelevant and beneath his notice. It required yet another blow of fate, another link in the chain of family misfortune, in order to overthrow the old man's sullen pride and pave the way to ultimate reconciliation with those that bore his name.

This fresh misfortune, which came upon Attila with the fearful unexpectedness of a descending thunderbolt, was the death of his youngest son Bela at the age of twenty-six.

Finding the life at Castle Stillberg over-tame for his tastes, Bela had chosen a military career, and had obtained a commission as lieutenant in the self-same regiment which some forty years previously had witnessed his father's exploits. As the father so the son had soon acquired for himself the reputation of being a redoubtable fencer and one of the most dashing, dare-devil riders in the army. But a horse yet wilder than himself was destined to seal his fate. He was thrown



one day when attempting to clear an impossible jump, and breaking his neck, died almost instantaneously.

Bela's body was brought home to Castle Stillberg, there to be interred in the family mausoleum, by the side of his mother and two elder brothers. The funeral ceremony had taken place on a fine summer afternoon, when woods and meadows were painted in their brightest and most alluring colours, and the forest birds were trilling their most buoyant melodies, as though in derision of this now childless old man.

Bela's visits to Castle Stillberg had of late years been short and far between. And it cannot be said that any overweening degree of affection had existed between the gay and thoughtless young lieutenant and the fierce old Hungarian father, who in his premature age and disablement somewhat resembled a captive eagle, consuming itself in helpless exasperation behind prison bars. Yet when, on that fine summer evening, Attila Hunvalagi returned to his vast castle, his ears still ringing with the dull clanging sound of the mausoleum door as it had closed behind the coffin of his last son, a great sense of loneliness came over him, and for the first time he seemed to realize that the remaining years of his life would have to be spent here alone.

During the days that followed he smoked even more than his usual allowance of long-stemmed Turkish pipes, and called more frequently than his wont for a fresh bottle of old Tokay wine to be uncorked. But the tobacco somehow lacked its usual flavour, and each successive bottle of wine appeared to be of distinctly inferior quality to its predecessor.

No one knew of what Attila was thinking during the long solitary days that followed upon Bela's funeral, for he had neither friend nor relative to whom he might have opened his heart. Pista alone, that same trusty domestic who had grown old and wrinkled in his service, might have been able to hazard a guess as to the workings of his master's diseased and crooked mind; but even Pista was taken by surprise by the unusual ferocity in accent and expression, as knocking the ashes from his pipe with his yet serviceable left hand, he heard Attila suddenly exclaim one day:

"Angus and Duncan! Who ever heard of the like ridiculous names! More suited to a pair of monkeys than to anything else!"

"And who may be Anga and Donka?" asked Pista,

cautiously, pausing for a moment in the act of polishing one of the glittering trophies that adorned the walls of the former library of Castle Stillberg, which close upon forty years ago had been converted into a fencing-hall, and had now by some imperceptible evolutionary process become Attila's favourite and habitual sitting-room.

"The brats of that English adventuress about whom my son Attila made a fool of himself—twelve—no, thirteen years ago."

"And your own grandchildren," retorted Pista, now beginning to grasp the situation more clearly.

"Yes, I suppose so, if it comes to that," admitted the master, reluctantly. "But the names, Pista—how could I ever endure to hear my grandsons called by such truly preposterous names?"

Pista gave an audible sniff:

"I never had much opinion of names myself," he remarked, with unconscious Shakesperian wisdom. "It does not greatly signify what a colt is called so long as it has got the right sort of blood in its veins. No amount of christening will ever make a cart horse into a racer; but the racer will not run any the less swiftly and surely because of a foolish name."

The old nobleman gave no answer beyond telling his servant to go to the deuce and not confuse his head by such silly chatter; but when later on that same day Attila called for pen and ink (most unusual requests on his part) and spent several hours in slowly and painfully covering as many pages with his cramped and awkward handwriting, Pista knew that a momentous resolution had been taken.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### NEW ARRIVALS.

THE negotiations with his late son's widow, conducted through the family lawyer, occupied several months; and for a time it had almost seemed as though no amicable understanding could possibly be arrived at. As proud as she was poor, Mabel indignantly rejected her father-in-law's proposition of adopting her two sons on condition of her relinquishing all further claims upon them. She would not barter her children even for the

sake of a splendid inheritance; and rather than do so was prepared to accept the offer of her maternal uncle, Duncan Bruce, godfather of her younger son, who proposed to place both boys in an English public school with a view to securing their future in the large Glasgow business house of which he himself was a partner.

It was this hateful word "business" which settled the matter, causing the old Hungarian finally to strike his colours and consent to anything rather than endure the degradation of the thought that his own grandsons, bearing the same proud name that had come down to him from his ancestors the grand old Huns, should ever earn their living as peddling clerks, wielding a wretched steel pen in place of the sword and spear of their forefathers, perched upon high wooden stools within dingy offices, instead of scouring the endless plains on the back of fiery steeds.

A formal invitation to take up her definite residence at Castle Stillberg along with her three children, was accordingly conveyed to the young widow, who after a last sharp inward struggle, signified her consent to the arrangement, although she could not wholly succeed in silencing the dark forebodings that seemed to be whispering in her ear, that having now reached the turning-point in her children's destinies, she was taking a step in the wrong direction by deliberately leading them back into an atmosphere obscured and tainted by the lurid clouds of mediæval prejudice and superstition.

At first indeed there appeared to be no reasonable ground for any such sinister misgivings, and the cordiality of the meeting between the old man and his long unowned grandchildren surpassed even the most sanguine expectations on either side.

It was on a bitterly cold December evening, but a few days before the Christmas festival, that the approaching sledge-bells informed old Attila of the arrival of his eagerly expected guests; and along with the bells there presently came other sounds to which the walls of Castle Stillberg had long been strangers, the ringing peals of clear childish laughter, as vaulting from the sledge, two rosy, fair-haired boys sought to utilize the few precious minutes of regained freedom by pelting each other with hastily manufactured snowballs.

A few minutes later the door opened to admit Mabel

Hunvalagi-Stillberg and her three children—a tall slender figure robed in black and looking considerably younger than her age of thirty years—leading by the hand her little three years old daughter, while in the background Angus and Duncan were surreptitiously cramming down into their pockets the surplus balance of snow remaining from their recent encounter, with a prudential view to future contingencies.

It was with a quick, nervous step, as though anxious to get over a painful ordeal, that the young widow approached the capacious arm-chair containing her father-in-law, a grim but picturesque figure, clad in the national Hungarian costume which he had never been induced to exchange for the more conventional dress of other parts, and although well aware that he could never again be able to sit in the saddle or take part in a fighting bout, yet old Attila would not have deemed his attire complete without the sharp steel spurs attached to long Hungarian riding-boots, nor could he have relinquished the sight of the silver chased scabbard of a now useless weapon that hung by his side.

"Here we are," began Mabel somewhat unsteadily, feeling perhaps that to take refuge in commonplaces was the only possible manner in which the awkwardness of a solemn moment in all their lives could be overbridged,—*"I and the children ; but it has been a long journey, and of course we are all rather tired and shall be glad to go to bed. And then the cold ! I do not recollect ever before having seen such quantities of snow in December."*

"You are welcome," said the old man's deep voice as he feebly extended a stiff and bloodless hand towards his English daughter-in-law ; but he scarcely glanced at her, and his eyes wandered past her figure to where the two boys were standing still, half swallowed up in shadow.

Mabel interpreted his glance aright.

"Go and shake hands with your grandfather," she said, pushing forward her sons into the circle of light cast by a hanging lamp suspended from the vaulted ceiling.

Two rosy, half-frozen little fists fearlessly extended towards the figure in the arm-chair, were taken and pressed between those yellow ossified fingers that were not unlike the claws of some gaunt attenuated bird of prey.

It was with a stern and scrutinizing gaze that Attila from beneath heavily sweeping eyebrows looked down into the

childish faces of his grandchildren, an expression which gradually changed to something resembling reluctant approval and admiration, when he had run his eye over their forms and features with the practised glance of an experienced horse-dealer appraising the qualities of the latest additions to his stud.

The boys were fair, to be sure, which was a monstrous pity, as one of the name of Hunvalagi was never yet known to be adorned with that preposterous crop of close golden curls that would seem to be fashioned out of ripe corn ears—but the eyes were dark and glowing as those of every true son of the Puszta should be, and the bold proud curves of lips and nostrils were well-nigh the same as in Attila's own face, while as for their figures, any impartial judge must perforce acknowledge that here the union of two, or rather three, widely divergent races, had been productive of singularly happy results, by infusing something of Oriental grace and agility into the often somewhat ponderous British structure, or else by raising the original Asiatic type to one of greater nobility and distinction.

"Is that a real sword, grandpapa?" asked Duncan presently, when the first words of greeting had been exchanged, while his chubby fingers attempted to draw the long disused blade from its scabbard.

"We have only got wooden swords which mamma bought for us last Christmas," added Angus, a little contemptuously, "and they are just no good at all, and only fit for quite little children, for the point of mine broke off the very first time I played at beheading Lona's doll."

The old man's rugged face lit up as with a gleam of sunshine breaking through dark thunder-clouds.

"Yes, my boy, that is a real sword," he said, laying a withered hand upon each of the golden heads. "A true old Damascus blade that has been dipped in blood over and over again. And you too, my boys, shall have real swords of your own, I promise you. That will be your grandfather's first gift to you on Christmas Day. And I will teach you myself how to use them right gallantly, even though my own fighting days are over."

Touched by one of those passing waves of dim foreboding that would sometimes appear to be wafted to us from out the impenetrable depths of a dim and shadowy futurity, Mabel had

stepped forward with half extended arms, as though to defend her sons against some undefined, impalpable, though instinctively realized danger.

But her gesture passed unnoticed, for Attila and his grandsons had just now neither ears nor eyes save for one another, and were already plunged in a lively conversation, wherein eager childish questions, wondering exclamations, and grimly amused retorts, were bandied to and fro with singular vivacity.

Feeling herself to be superfluous here, Mabel took up Lona in her arms and prepared to leave the room ; but as the little girl's drowsy eyes began to close in slumber, and her curly fair head fell back in helpless abandonment against her mother's shoulder, it was with a gesture of closer maternal protection that Mabel strained the child to her breast.

Scarce half an hour had elapsed since she had set foot within the walls of Castle Stillberg, yet already she was aware of having lost something. Her boys, those bonny, fair-haired lads that had hitherto belonged to herself exclusively, were being claimed and drawn away from her by another influence, by other hereditary voices and instincts, unconsciously stirring and swaying their childish minds.

But the daughter was yet her own undisputed possession, and please God should remain so !

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## BOOK II.

ANGUS AND DUNCAN.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### EDUCATION.

HELEN, or Ilona Hunvalagi-Stillberg, with whom the greater portion of the present story is concerned, had been a toddling infant at the time of her father's death in 1877, and was only three years old on that December evening when, sleepy and exhausted with fatigue, she had arrived with her mother at Castle Stillberg.

That evening as well as the following days—or perhaps weeks—had left no trace in the child's memory ; nor could she in after-years recall any circumstances of their former life



in a Vienna suburb, before the grandfather's invitation had summoned them hither.

The very first conscious and concrete recollection that survived in Lona's mind, with that limelight brilliancy that so paradoxically illumines certain moments and incidents, in contradistinction to the dense clouds of oblivion submerging long unbroken periods of early childhood, was of a certain spring morning when, seated upon the sill of her nursery window with her fair curly head eagerly protruded through the wrought-iron bars, she had gazed down upon a scene on the terrace below. There old Attila, booted and spurred as usual, was seated in an armchair directing the operations of his two grandsons, who with wire masks upon their faces and padded leather gloves covering their little fists, were vigorously thrusting at each other with fencing foils, while through the balmy morning air, redolent with the breath of dew-laden lilac and bird-cherry blossom, some disjointed phrases and exclamations were wafted aloft to the child's listening ear :

"Bravo! That's right, Donka. Now out in tierce, Anga, and give it to him back roundly! Not quick enough this time, my boy. You should have parried the attack with a 'flying point.' That is the only thing to be done when the adversary unexpectedly disengages to hit you in sixte. In reality you would now have been run through the body and would be lying on your back bleeding to death! Ha, ha, ha! How would you enjoy that, Donka, my fine fellow? So take better care another time. But remember, above all, that to be ahead of the attack is only less fatal than to lag behind it."

Mabel had come into the room just then, and after casting a quick short glance at the scene on the terrace below, had silently lifted down Lona from her place on the window-sill.

The child struggled in her arms, exclaiming :

"Lona wants to see! Lona wants to look! Naughty mamma, to take Lona away!"

Mabel fixed her large blue eyes with a long pensive look of melancholy reproach on her daughter's face—a look none the less impressive for being but imperfectly understood.

"That is not a game for little girls," she said at last, gravely. Then, more playfully, she added : "Come, Lona, you may go with mamma to the store-room and help to choose the jam for the pudding to-day. What do you think it should be, strawberry or apricot?"

But though Lona spent a happy half-hour by her mother's side in the store-room, neither the flavour of strawberry nor apricot jam, of which she was permitted freely to taste before coming to a decision, could efface the recollection of the vision, beheld just now, of Anga and Donka fighting together on the terrace. The disapproval she had dimly read upon her mother's face had only served to enhance her newly-awakened interest in the performance by supplying that delicate suggestion of forbidden fruit that is so incontestably superior to any legally manufactured jam. Subsequently Lona often beheld similar encounters between her brothers; but these scenes were always witnessed secretly and surreptitiously, with the ever growing conviction dawning on the child's mind of two alien spirits here struggling for the mastery within the walls of her home.

Mabel Hunvalagi-Stillberg's position was indeed a very hard one, nor did her difficulties lessen as time went on. She was condemned to stand by powerless and inert, though she saw how day by day, hour by hour, her sons were being drawn away and estranged from their own mother in a manner she never could have believed possible. After the lapse of a very few months it required almost a mental effort to realize that these were indeed the same boys who had once regarded it as their greatest privilege to be their mother's companions; who knew of no higher treat or reward than to listen to stories of mamma's childhood in her old Scotch home, and who would not have gone to sleep at night without the consciousness of a maternal kiss on their cheek.

It was now with barely concealed impatience that they submitted to their mother's caress, and their manner towards her, grown callous and churlish, was occasionally tinged by something nearly resembling contempt that rankled in Mabel's mind with the dull, growing pain of a hidden, festering wound.

And yet how natural, how fatally inevitable had been the transformation. How tame and pointless must have appeared her old reminiscences of pet rabbits and lambs, when contrasted with those wondrous legends of jousts and tourneys fought by their Transylvanian ancestors, and the scarce less wondrous accounts of duels and fencing bouts, in which old Attila himself had borne a part! What toys that she could have bestowed upon them could vie in fascination with the splendid gifts of live ponies and dogs, real guns and swords, lavishly dealt out to them by their grandfather? And above all how could

she, a saddened and disappointed woman, who had lost all that made life precious and valuable, have expected to rival the influence of her father-in-law's picturesque and romantic personality? Himself the hero and centre figure of many of the wild stories he told, small wonder if Attila soon came to be regarded as a sort of demigod by two ardent and mettlesome boys just bursting with animal spirits and healthy vitality; and who, possessing the latent germs of all virile virtues and vices, were ready to be led into any path, straight or crooked, upward or downward, according to the hand that happened to guide them.

They soon learned to take a special pride in the old legend that told how the Hunvalagis were descended in line direct from the Scourge of God himself, and with their clear childish voices were fond of singing the ancient family ditty that ran as follows:

A noble Szekel born and bred  
Full loftily I hold my head;  
Great Attila my sire was he.  
As legacy he left to me  
A dagger, battle-axe and spear;  
A heart to which unknown is fear;  
A potent arm that oft has slain  
The Tartar foe in field and plain.  
The scourge of Attila the bold  
Still hangs among us as of old;  
And when this lash we swing on high  
Our enemies are forced to fly,  
The Hunvalagis learn to know,  
And seek not to become our foe.  
For blood of Huns flows in us warm,  
And well we know to wield our arm.

Though himself incapable of sharing their outdoor pastimes, old Attila was none the less the director and inspiring genius of everything undertaken by Anga and Donka, as he chose to call his grandsons, in order as much as possible to Magyarize and transform the unfortunate names bestowed in Baptism.

Under Pista's direction they soon became proficient riders, and before very long the sight of the two lads, mounted upon a pair of ponies as wild as themselves, was wont to produce terror and dismay amongst the peasants of the district wherever they made their appearance—for, as was currently said in the neighbourhood, no one could tell what these two young devils would be up to next. Having rapidly acquired an overweening

idea of their own importance, and of the unassailable privileges of a nobleman's position upon his own land, they conscientiously strove to put into practice all they had learned of the lives of their all-conquering ancestors.

What rattling fun it was to play at storming an enemy's camp by dashing at full gallop into a peaceably grazing herd of cows; and how amusing it was to lie in ambush behind the bushes and then with wild whoops and halloos to intercept and pillage some home-returning peasant-cart laden with plums or apples. It was likewise an agreeable pastime, often resorted to when nothing better was in the wind, surreptitiously to open the gate of some farmer's pigstye, and drive his squeaking and terrified porkers across country, making believe that they were venomous dragons that had to be expelled from the land.

On one of these occasions Mabel vainly endeavoured to make a stand for the recognition of justice and equity, which appeared to be perilously nigh to extinction in the minds of her children; but the result was a signal defeat, terminating with the hopeless conviction that the only course left to her was that of complete passivity, if she desired not to lose her sons irrevocably.

It came about in this fashion. Anga and Donka had returned from a long ride in unusually high spirits leading between them, his hands tight bound by a leather thong, a little shepherd boy some ten years old, who was sobbing piteously, a fact which only served to increase the delight of his young captors, who with warlike whoops and shouts of glee dragged him triumphantly to their grandfather's presence.

"This is a robber chieftain, grandpapa, whom we have caught," explained Donka. "There were three of them up yonder on the hilltop keeping the sheep, but the other two cowardly fellows ran away and would not fight. This one had a little more pluck in him, and he actually had the cheek to make for me with his crook, trying to threaten us for disturbing his sheep."

"Ay, but I caught him from behind with my lasso," broke in Anga, eagerly, "and in the next moment he lay sprawling on the ground with his legs in the air. You never saw such a funny sight, why I thought I must have split with laughing."

"And now we are going to put him into the dungeon and play at torturing him until he confesses the truth and tells us where the robbers' secret treasure is buried."

Mabel, who had been crossing the hall to go into the music-room where stood her trusty friend the old spinet, whose tones played by her proficient fingers often served as a panacea in moments of gloom and despondency, had paused at the entrance of old Attila's private sitting-room, and through the half open door had heard every word of the foregoing dialogue.

"For shame, boys!" she exclaimed, entering the room unexpectedly. "How dare you be so cruel, so unjust, as to torment a poor child that was but doing his duty?"

"It was only a game," said Angus, as his glance hovered uncertainly between his mother's flushed and indignant face and the sarcastic smile on old Attila's lips.

Mabel went on unheedingly:

"It would have served you right if the shepherds had given you a good thrashing for daring to meddle with your neighbours' property. That is what you richly deserve, and what you would get if I had my way."

Though she spoke in Hungarian, a language which she had been quick to learn in her husband's lifetime, yet the unfortunate victim of this barbarous sport easily guessed that in this pretty lady with the pink-flushed cheeks and angry blue eyes he had found an ally, so he forthwith began to utter even louder and more heartrending howls, interpolated with broken and semi-incoherent ejaculations.

"They strangled one of the new-born lambs, the very youngest of all, and Farmer Mühlreitner will beat me when he finds it out, . . . and the sheep have run away into old Michael's cornfield, and of course they will say it is all my fault, . . . and the lamb—the poor little lamb—only a week old——"

He broke off again, overcome once more by choking sobs.

"You don't understand, mamma, . . . we never really meant ——" began Angus, a trifle crestfallen; but here his grandfather unexpectedly interposed.

"No, women never understand this sort of thing—what should they know of manly sports and pastimes? There, my brave boys, lead away your prisoner, and to-morrow we shall see what is to be done with him."

Left alone with her father-in-law it was upon him that Mabel now turned, the studious restraint and self-command usually visible in her manner towards him, had suddenly given way beneath the wave of hot passion that had taken possession of her soul.

"And it is you who encourage them to such acts of criminal violence, who are making of them wild, rough, ungentlemanly boys!"

"I am making them brave and manly, as befits the sons of our race," said Attila, knocking the ashes out of his pipe. "You cannot expect to keep boys of their age tied to your apron-strings, as you would doubtless like to do."

"You are making bullies of them, that is what you are doing. You are confusing their sense of right and wrong, of justice and honour, by setting up a totally false standard before them."

"Preserve us! What a deal of righteous indignation and a lot of fine words to waste, my dear Mabel; and all about a dirty shepherd boy!"

"The dirty shepherd boy has got his rights just as much as we have."

"Has he?" said Attila, negligently. "In my country, when I was young, we never used to consider such vermin as having human feelings or opinions. But if this little beggar has really had somewhat of a fright, depend upon it a silver florin will make it all right to-morrow morning."

Mabel frowned darkly.

"Then you will only be adding a second injury to the first one, by teaching the boys to believe that money can heal the wounds made by cruelty and injustice."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Attila, impatiently. "You will never understand that boys will be boys, and that young colts must have their fling when they are full of oats. And yet you English folk call yourselves a manly race!"

"No one has ever dared to call us otherwise," said Mabel, now white with a passion that had reached its culminating point, wounded as she was not only in her maternal but likewise in her most susceptible national feelings. "But with us a bully and a brave man have nothing in common. We teach our sons to ride straight to hounds, and to be always ready to gauge their strength against any legitimate opponent and in defence of their rights. But we do not believe, as you seem to do, that true manhood consists in killing and cutting, thrusting and wrestling. That is a coarse, barbarous standard of manliness and honour, and one for which I cannot pretend to feel admiration or even tolerance!"

The old Hungarian's ire was likewise roused, but in his consciousness of being master of the position, he was better



able to control himself than the excited woman, who for the moment had lost sight of all prudential considerations. But his very outward calmness was more ominous than any violent explosion of anger could have been, and Mabel could never recall without a shudder the cruel vindictiveness of his glance as he now said slowly and with significant emphasis:

"If your delicate English nerves are so disagreeably impressed by the barbaric atmosphere of my humble residence—why, no one forces you to remain here an hour longer than you find convenient. Pray understand, however, once for all that I am master in my own house, and that I will brook neither censure nor criticism of my habits and principles."

It required no more to transform all the hot anger, the indignant pride of just now, into a new, sickening dread: the fear of being wholly deprived of her sons; for to leave Castle Stillberg would mean nothing less than a lifelong separation from them.

What mother worthy the name would have hesitated to remain—even though to do so would involve the daily and hourly abnegation of her whole individuality?

## *Flotsam and Jetsam.*

### "Scientists."

THERE are evidently many people who cannot make up their mind whether the term "Scientist" is a legitimate equivalent for "Man of Science." On the one hand, it is obvious that some such word is badly wanted, there being an obvious place in the language to be filled, and this being the sole candidate for the post, is seemingly bound to obtain it, being already at home in the columns, for example, of so scholarly a journal as the *Saturday Review*. On the other hand, the term is young, and certainly not good-looking. It belongs to a family which multiplies with the ease and rapidity peculiar to the lower forms of life, many, of its later members especially, being rather half-digested phrases than real words—stylist, balloonist, machinist, motorist, typist. It is therefore instinctively felt that, like the page-boy in a once famous political caricature, the applicant is not strong enough for its place.

There is, however, a far more serious objection to the term, which appears to be strangely overlooked. Neither by derivation nor by usage, already established beyond reform, are the terms "Scientist" and "Man of Science" really synonymous. A "Man of Science" is one who prosecutes original research; whereas, every dabbler who talks of Science at second-hand is freely described as a "Scientist," just as not only the expert *chauffeur* or aeronaut can be described as a motorist or a balloonist, but every one who tempts the perils of the road or of the sky. Thus it has come to pass that a number of speakers and writers, whom no one would venture to style "Men of Science," find themselves invested as "Scientists" with a spurious authority, which enables them to pose as the true representatives of scientific thought, and to deluge the public with crude and worthless teachings, widely accepted as

unimpeachable because of the flag under which they are allowed to flaunt.

Thus the term "Scientist" is not merely objectionable on other scores, but positively and gravely misleading, and as it has been so annexed by those who are mere pretenders, that they will never resign it, the only remedy appears to be that it should be confined to their exclusive use, and not applied to genuine Scientific Men.

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### *Reviews.*

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#### I.—THE RASSEGNA GREGORIANA.<sup>1</sup>

ALTHOUGH we cannot as a rule attempt any detailed notice of the periodical publications which may be sent to the office of *THE MONTH* by way of an exchange of courtesies, still it seems desirable to make an exception to our usual practice when there is question of a journal which is both unique in its purpose and execution, and of exceptional interest at the present time. The *Rassegna Gregoriana*, which is now beginning its fourth year of publication, and has thus happily survived the perils of infancy, seems to be the one liturgical magazine which deals with topics of current interest as well as with the history of the past. Strange to say, although abroad it has grown steadily in favour, and although it is issued under the shadow of the Vatican, the members of the Pontifical Commission for Gregorian Music being the most regular contributors to its pages, it appears in England to be more widely circulated among Anglicans than among the clergy and laity of the Catholic Church. This seems to us a pity, and it must be due simply to the fact that the journal in question is not sufficiently known to many who would otherwise take a deep interest in its contents. At a time when the characteristics of the Solesmes chant and the mind of the Holy Father as expressed in the late Encyclical on Church Music are being so much debated, nothing is probably available which approaches more nearly to a semi-official commentary than the articles of the *Rassegna*. On the other hand, it would be a

<sup>1</sup> *Rassegna Gregoriana per gli Studi Liturgici e pel Canto Sacro.* Pubblicazione Mensile. Vol. III. 1904. 607 pp. Desclée, Lefebvre, et Cie.; Piazza Grazioli (Palazzo Doria), Rome. Annual Subscription for England, 7 lire.

great mistake to suppose that the periodical is exclusively devoted to musical topics. Articles appear upon various matters of general liturgical interest, and what is perhaps the most valuable feature of all, a very complete bibliography is given of all books and magazine articles dealing with subjects of importance to liturgiologists. Thanks to the work of numerous collaborators, some of them Anglicans, this list, which generally goes into detail regarding the purport of the articles named, is probably the best aid of the kind which has yet been provided for the student. The extremely unsatisfactory character of the *Theologischer Jahresbericht*, for instance, in this special department will probably be only too well known to all who have ever attempted to consult it. Finally, we venture to regret that there has existed for years past a very broad line of demarcation between those who may be called rubricians and those who deserve the name of liturgiologists or students of liturgy. Owing to the thorough scholarship of its editors, the *Rassegna* seems to us to offer the best promise of an ultimate union between the historical and practical aspects of what ought, after all, to be but one and the same science.

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## 2.—THE CROSS IN JAPAN.<sup>1</sup>

Although Miss Caddell's popular history of the Japanese Missions in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries has been before the public for nearly fifty years, it was a happy thought of Messrs. Burns and Oates to issue a cheap edition of the volume at a time when all eyes are centered upon that wonderful country. Miss Caddell's edifying narratives of apostolic labours, persecutions and martyrdoms, is not exactly critical from an historical point of view, and it betrays here and there traces of the exclusively French sources from which she seems to have derived her facts (we note for instance such names as Valignan for Valignani, Navarre for Navarro, &c.), but it is a very readable abstract of what is given more at length in Charlevoix and in the letters of the missionaries. Apart even from any consideration of modern Japan and the promise of her ample mission field, the story of that great Christian assault

<sup>1</sup> *The Cross in Japan.* A History of the Missions of St. Francis Xavier and the early Jesuits. By Cecilia M. Caddell. A New Edition, with Preface and Supplementary Chapter by the Bishop of Salford. London: Burns and Oates, 1904. Price 2s. 6d.

made three hundred years ago upon Oriental darkness and indifferentism, is extraordinarily interesting in itself. And what adds enormously to the value of this little volume is the Preface and Appendix by the Bishop of Salford compiled expressly for this reprint. The interest taken by his Lordship in the subject was proved in 1895 by an admirable article in the *Dublin Review*, written when the author was best known to the public as a distinguished Orientalist. This article was subsequently reprinted as a pamphlet by the Catholic Truth Society, and in that form we may still cordially recommend it to our readers. But much of what Bishop Casartelli said in the *Dublin Review* article is also repeated in the volume before us, and his historical sketch is further supplemented by statistics which bring our information about the Catholic Church in Japan down to the year 1902. At that date, as we learn, there were in Japan 1 Archbishop and 4 Bishops, 118 missionaries, 32 native clergy, 164 churches and chapels, 90 schools, and 68,336 Catholics. His Lordship adds some extremely weighty words about the present situation. In spite of rapid increase, the outlook is not too hopeful. The active hostility of the bonzes, the antagonism of the Protestant sects, political agitation, and an anti-Catholic press constitute, now more than ever, four serious obstacles to the progress of the Church in Japan. Still, we may heartily endorse the words in which the same distinguished writer concludes his summary of the present position of things. "All the roseate expectations of 1865," he says, "and still more of 1891, are probably not to be realized so soon; but it seems almost a want of faith to doubt that the prayers and groans of St. Francis Xavier and the blood of so many martyrs, known and unknown, poured forth like water during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, will in God's own good time bear a glorious harvest in the century that is now beginning."

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3.—THE INSPIRATION OF THE BIBLE.<sup>1</sup>

We have already<sup>2</sup> had occasion to refer to Father von Hummelauer's new essay on Inspiration, which now lies before us for review. Readers who have studied his contributions to the *Cursus Scripturæ Sacræ* in the order of their appearance

<sup>1</sup> *Exegetisches zur Inspirationsfrage*. By F. von Hummelauer, S.J. Freiburg: Herder.

<sup>2</sup> See THE MONTH for January, 1905, in the article on *The Nature of Inspiration*.

will have noticed a certain progressive change of attitude towards the question of what is consistent with the Catholic doctrine of inspiration; and in the Preface to the present essay he tells us how it has fared with him in this respect:

The exegetical movement, however, of the last few years has compelled him to look beyond his own garden wall, though still keeping within the domain of Old Testament history. The ever-increasing number of difficulties, which yet are homogeneous among themselves, has forced him to consider whether perhaps the value of one or two principles has not been insufficiently appreciated hitherto, and whether if they were more consistently applied the result might not be to remove not merely a mass of individual difficulties, but a whole class of difficulties at one stroke.

Father von Hummelauer goes on to tell us how he was led in this way to pay more attention to what has been written on this same question, in France particularly, since the publication of the *Providentissimus Deus*. He found in it much that seemed to him helpful, and, whilst still believing that the time is yet to come for a decisive treatise on Inspiration, he resolved to gather together and present to the best of his power in a systematic form what has so far been scattered over many books and review articles. It is thus the merit of a compilation only that he claims for the present essay, a compilation for which he acknowledges his debt to other writers, particularly to Schanz, Lagrange, Durand, and Prat. Still it has the further independent merit of a really scientific discussion by one who has been trained both as a theologian and as an exegetist.

It is laid down in the *Providentissimus Deus*, of 1892, that, God being through inspiration the author of Holy Scripture, there can be no error, even the slightest, in any part of it whatever. This however, as all agree, means not that the words of Scripture are always true in every sense which they can bear, but that "they are always true in the sense in which God and the inspired writer [for the two phrases must be regarded as in this respect equivalent] understood them and wrote them." Accordingly, it is important always to know what this author's sense was, and, contends Father von Hummelauer, it is just this which till now has perhaps not been sufficiently considered. An author does not always state in so many words that he is speaking in allegory or with poetical exaggeration, or as the mere reporter of what has been affirmed by another, or after some other manner belonging to the particular form of literary



expression which he adopts. He leaves us to gather what the case is from the nature of his language and the circumstances under which he writes. Moreover, if we wish to estimate his intentions in this respect with any sureness we must remember the age and conditions in which he lived and try to realize its modes of thought and utterance. Hence, in the first of the three parts into which his essay is divided, the author distinguishes for us various kinds of literature—fable, parable, allegory, religious history, "ancient history,"<sup>1</sup> national and family traditions, free narration, midrash, prophetic symbolism—which are to be met with in such ancient writings as, in appearance at least, are cast in the form of strictly historical narrative, and might by the unwary be mistaken for it. In regard to each he assigns the degree of historical truth which a writer adopting it must have intended to affirm, and in regard to each also he inquires how far we may or may not infer that it is the form adopted in any one or more of the Old Testament books.

To take an illustration from his section on national traditions. Every early race, he urges, has its traditions as to the history of its origins, and these traditions, coming down as they do from times when writing was not as yet in use, have been transmitted by word of mouth from one generation to another of simple and uncultivated minds. It is inevitable under such conditions that they should undergo some transformation *en route*, corresponding to the individuality of the persons and generations through which they have had to pass. The action of this transforming influence has been more distorting in some cases than in others. In some cases it has been to introduce mythical stories of the origins and doings of gods and goddesses, woven perhaps out of misunderstood allegories describing the course of the seasons; in other cases it has been much more conservative and has retained faithfully the historical kernel, whilst to the form it has imparted the character of a spontaneously wrought epic. No doubt traditions even of this more faithful kind are much less perfect sources of information than histories fixed down from the first by written texts, nor is it always easy to discriminate in them what is kernel and what is covering. Still for our knowledge of the earliest times it is usually the only source of information we have, and on the other hand a comparison with the cognate traditions of other

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.*, history as understood and written in ancient times.

races can often assist us materially in detecting how much can be safely taken as kernel. Hence, if we find that a writer of ancient times has been at the pains to gather together and record in writing the still more ancient and till then orally preserved traditions of his race, it is this degree of truth and this only that he is able to give us—unless, indeed, he should go beyond the function of recorder of traditions, and take up that of a critic of his materials, or again unless he should receive some supernatural help. Or, to express it otherwise, we are not entitled to credit *him* with error merely because errors are discoverable in the traditions he preserves for us, but only if he claims to have eliminated all the mishaps of oral transmission by his criticism or his supernatural lights.

So far the question is one of abstract principle. But is there reason for inferring that race-traditions of this kind are preserved to us by the author of Genesis? The point requires careful handling. Some twenty years ago Lenormant, moved by the number and character of the miracles recorded in the first eleven chapters of Genesis, drew the conclusion that they contained a mere collection of myths of the same kind as those of the heathen. His book was placed on the Index, and, says Father von Hummelauer, for very intelligible reasons, since if we are to set aside one portion of Scripture on grounds like these, we shall be bound in consistency to set aside many other portions too, as they also contain accounts of miracles. But, he argues, there is a vast difference between Lenormant's procedure and one which merely seeks to realize the position of an ancient writer engaged in preserving race-traditions, the accounts of which he has but imperfect means of checking. Especially if the ancient writer gives an express indication that he is merely incorporating ancient race-traditions; for here Father von Hummelauer makes a special point of the use in Genesis of the term *Toledoth*. Genesis is a collection of ten *Toledoth*—those of the heavens and the earth (ii. 4, &c.), of Adam (v. 1, &c.), of Noe (vi. 9, &c.), of the Sons of Noe (x. 1, &c.), of Sem (xi. 10, &c.), of Thares (xi. 27, &c.), of Ismael (xxv. 12, &c.), of Isaac (xxv. 19, &c.), of Esau (xxxvi. 1, &c.), of Jacob (xxvii. 1 to 25). The word is translated "Generations" in the Vulgate, and that is the sense it bears outside Genesis. But in these ten cases it must evidently be taken in a broader sense, for the *Toledoth* include a good deal else besides genealogies, and moreover refer to what succeeds, not

precedes, the persons to whom they are ascribed. And the sense which seems to suit best is just that of a series of race-histories (orally) preserved from early times, and given just as they have been found.

Another illustration of Father von Hummelauer's assignment of the diversities of form in Jewish literature may be taken from what he designates Free Narration. The characteristic of Free Narration is that, whilst adhering to the facts of history in their general outline, it invests them with a clothing not merely of form but even of (detail) fact, for which there is no historical warrant. The author's purpose is to instruct and edify, after a manner which bears a kind of generic resemblance to our modern historical romances. Accordingly, "he gives free reins to his imagination, narrates in a living and moving style, expands, alters and invents conversations, and imparts a special colouring to the whole. . . . Nor is he more open to reproach for this than the Preacher (*Ecclesiastes*) is open to reproach for representing himself as King Solomon." In neither case does the writer wish to be understood as affirming the objective truth of this imaginative clothing to his framework of real fact. Such is the nature of Free Narration, and, as in the case of National Traditions, no one is likely to object to the principle of such a form of literature, or to its employment in the Book of Jubilees, the Midrashim on Judith, and similar specimens of extra-canonical Jewish writings. But can we admit the possibility of an inspired book being in this form? The answer depends on a two-fold consideration: Is there any intrinsic impropriety in the idea of this form of literature being adopted as a channel for divine inspiration, and are there the indications of its presence in any of the books in our authorized Canon? But, asks Father von Hummelauer, in regard to the first of these points, "God inspires the parable, He inspires the epic poem (as in Psalm 135, where comparison with Exodus shows that some of the details were freely rendered), why may He not also inspire a 'free narration'?" As to the question of fact, it is suggested that perhaps the Book of Judith may belong to this category. The difficulty of reconciling its history with facts which can be otherwise certified is extreme, and has caused several writers to think of this hypothesis, and Father von Hummelauer evidently inclines to it. He is able, too, to cite others as having allowed that it is not altogether impossible. Perhaps, then, it may be the case, though we must acknowledge

that we find it rather difficult to square such a theory with the actual texture of the language of Judith.

So far Father von Hummelauer has approached his subject from the point of view of the different kinds of literature in use in former times, and of the degree of truth with which each is bound to conform. In his second part he approaches the same subject from the point of view of what belongs to the human side in the transaction of divine inspiration. Here he traverses ground over which in our recent article on Inspiration we have followed him. It is enough therefore to say here, that he begins by a careful analysis of the section of the *Providentissimus Deus* which treats of this aspect of inspiration in connection with Bible references to matters of science; and he deduces the principles which it there indicates as applicable also to Bible references to matters of history. The gist of these principles is that, whereas the sacred writers were children of their own age, sharing its modes of thought and its horizon of knowledge, prone therefore, as long as they were left to their own lights, to express themselves in their writings in conformity with these conceptions, the Holy Ghost did not see fit to accord them any special illumination in regard to these matters, save in cases where they were matters profitable to salvation. To deal with these writers otherwise would, as we can now see, have been to put them out of joint with their age and render them unsuited to gain a docile hearing from their contemporaries; nor was it required by the proprieties of divine inspiration, since the distinctions of *genera literaria*, explained in the first part of Father von Hummelauer's essay, offered a method whereby the Divine author could make this condescension to the mental plane of the writer, without taking an author's responsibility for the errors in their conception.

In the third part, Father von Hummelauer inquires how far questions of the human authorship, and hence of the simple or composite structure of the sacred books, are already determined for us by our doctrine of inspiration. Here he cites many passages from the Fathers, illustrative of their constant teaching that as long as we know that the Holy Spirit is the author of a book, it matters little what was the pen He used. This general principle does not of course settle the question straight off, because it may be that the sacred text itself testifies in a clear and unmistakable way to its authorship—as for instance is the case with St. Paul's Epistles; or again it may be that

the question of authorship is essentially bound up with the question of the general credibility of the text. Still the principle is one which we need to bear in mind, that we may gauge aright the theological bearings of some of the critical questions which arise. And to some of these questions Father von Hummelauer calls attention.

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#### 4.—HISTORICAL PLAYS FOR SCHOOLS.<sup>1</sup>

This little volume from the pen of a Religious of the Sacred Heart contains two short dramas, the first dealing with the fortunes of certain Christian martyrs under Trajan in Rome, and the second with the famous vision and the martyrdom of St. Catherine in Alexandria. The material for the plays is drawn from the acts and legends of the saints, but the stories are treated with much freedom, that they may meet the requirements of the children's stage in convent schools. For this purpose they were originally designed, and the Preface tells us that they have already been represented with distinct success, and thus proved themselves to be good acting plays. We gladly, therefore, recommend them to all who are concerned with theatricals for the young; and we would further commend them to lovers of verse generally, for we have found them very pleasant reading. They are written in blank verse with much ease, and not a little vigour. The verse never halts or stiffens with any sense of toil, neither is it wordy or too fluent. The characters are clearly drawn, with individuality and distinctness, and the interest is sustained as the plot develops and the characters unfold themselves. The writer has not shrunk from setting forth plainly the animus and arguments of the pagans together with their scorn of the Christian, while the faith of the martyrs is finely expressed. Children who have taken part in these plays will not easily be startled or scandalized in actual life when they meet with similar hostility to the Church or contempt of it on the part, it may be, of national religions, or of rulers and representatives of the people. They will, on the one hand, be fortified by fore-knowledge against the world's irreverent taunts and ridicule, and on the other encouraged

<sup>1</sup> *Historical Plays for Schools.* Convent of the Sacred Heart, Roehampton, S.W.

and inspired by the noble example of virgin martyrs little older than themselves.

There are three more plays promised to complete the series. We trust there will be no delay in their publication, for plays of this kind should be in frequent request. The printing, the clear type, and the generous spacing in this volume, are excellent, quite a credit to the convent private press.

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5.—THE GARDEN OF ALLAH.<sup>1</sup>

This is undoubtedly a very remarkable tale—remarkable almost equally for its merits and its defects. *The Garden of Allah* is the Desert, the great Sahara, with which as a stage is played a fervid and tempestuous drama of passion and remorse and religion, between a man and a woman, upon whom to all practical intents, as in primitive Greek tragedy, falls the whole burden of the piece. It would be unfair to sketch the plot even in outline, for this would be to rob the book of all, or nearly all, its interest; suffice it therefore to say that the story is altogether in keeping with its setting, and that while, on the one hand, we are made to feel the hot breath of the wilderness, and to taste something of its savage charm,—the human elements emulate the simoom itself in fierce and fiery violence. But even such a storm serves to exhibit the transcendent power of Catholic faith, which not only saves a situation that might appear hopeless, but makes of such a furnace a means of purification and regeneration for two souls.

On the other hand, if word-painting is the author's strength, it is also his weakness, for he indulges in it to an extent which cannot but be wearisome to the majority of readers; and if the fires of passion, into the description of which he throws so much of his power, produce so good a result in the end, they are depicted with a crude realism which is gross and inartistic; so that, after all, the narrative leaves by no means a pleasant taste behind it.

<sup>1</sup> *The Garden of Allah.* By Robert Hitchens. London: Methuen. 6s.



6.—NOW AND THEN.<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Spencer Jones is chiefly known to our readers by his two excellent books on Reunion, but the little volume now before us has nothing to do with Reunion. It is a small collection of sermons, and is a contribution to the *World's Pulpit Series*. The sermons are ten in number, and on such subjects as *Now—the appointed time* (which suggests the name of the whole), *The Soul*, *The Heart of Man*, *Prayer*, *The Three Hours*. They make no claim to eloquence, but are earnest, thoughtful considerations on a few spiritual principles, and as such may serve for useful spiritual reading—for they contain nothing which is not perfectly sound from a Catholic point of view. Although Mr. Spencer Jones does not touch much in this volume on the matters disputed among religious people, he likes to stimulate interest in his subjects by associating them with some one or other of the little spiritual puzzles which occasionally perplex modern minds. For instance, the sermon on *The Soul*, which is on the duty of working for the salvation of the soul, examines the contention that soul-saving is but a refined form of selfishness, and that the better way is to work for the good of others, free from any self-regarding purpose. He is happy too at times in his applications, hitting on solid and practical lessons which come quite within the scope of the principles, but are not such as would obviously occur to one. Thus in the sermon on *The Heart of Man* he writes :

Or perhaps the seed falls on shallow soil, where there is not much earth ; with the old heart, still hard and unbroken, a little below the surface. In this case it is quick in coming up, but it is too good to be true, and the fierce sun of its first temptation finds it out and withers it away. It is easy to be superficial, to rest upon the surface of things, and to take your stand upon the circumference of mere ceremonial and the artistic side of religion ; to be attracted to all this without any serious reflection on your own part ; and seeing how easy things seem in the lives of the saints to suppose they will prove themselves equally easy in you. In such a spirit, perhaps, you may take up with religion as you would take up with a toy, don the surplice, and “serve” at the altar ; pose as an authority on this “Use” or on that, and talk of what is correct. . . . It will be a novel

<sup>1</sup> *Now and Then*, with other Sermons. By the Rev. Spencer Jones, M.A. London : S. C. Brown, Langham, and Co.

experience for you then to be laughed at for your religion, or to be called upon to suffer for it in any way; you never bargained for this, this never entered into the original calculation; and the reason is plain, there is "no deepness of earth." Beware of this: do not talk of your religion, but let your religion speak for itself; do not mistake its accidents for the substance of the thing, . . . do not identify it with a particular sensation, or a particular pose, or the mere "stupid" imitation "of some saint that takes your fancy. Break up that hard substance below, and secure a good depth to start with."

This is wise advice, and is applicable not merely to those who fail in this particular way, but to all who take up Church work, and may be tempted to treat it as a substitute for instead of as the proper outcome of the inner life of the heart.

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7.—MONTALEMBERT'S ST. ELIZABETH.<sup>1</sup>

There are, if we mistake not, two English translations of the Count de Montalembert's *Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary* which have already seen the light. But in saying this we are far from suggesting that there was no room for a third, for both of them, we believe, are now out of print, and neither was in any way worthy of the French original. Mr. F. D. Hoyt's version is a distinct advance upon its predecessors. It reads, for the most part, smoothly and pleasantly, it is tolerably faithful, and it has obviously been executed by a writer who is in sympathy with the author he is translating. To ask for more than this is perhaps unreasonable, but we cannot help feeling that Mr. Hoyt's volume would have benefited by something more in the way of scholarly revision. No doubt much labour would have been required to bring the book thoroughly up to date, for the *Histoire de Ste. Elizabeth* was originally published in 1836, now nearly seventy years ago, and historical studies have not stood still in the interval. But even without tampering with the text of the work itself, which may be justly regarded as a classic, a few pages might have been added to the Preface, pointing out that many of M. de Montalembert's views have since been challenged and in some cases entirely set aside.

Again, it would easily have been possible to make the few obvious changes required by lapse of time in the data or the

<sup>1</sup> *Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary*. By the Count de Montalembert. Translated by F. D. Hoyt. London: Longmans, 1904.

terminology of the footnotes. For instance, it is irritating to be constantly brought into contact with such references as these: "Miracles of the Virgin, by the Prior Gauthier de Coinsy. MSS. of the Roy. Library, No. 20." When one finds a reference to the "Royal Library" one naturally thinks of the collection so named at the British Museum, but it is of course the Bibliothèque Nationale which is meant. Again the "Miracles de la Vierge" of Gauthier de Coinsy have long ago been accessible in print. And why does Mr. Hoyt leave untranslated the titles of German and Latin books, while the French titles he renders into English, as if the references were made to translations? These points of course are trifles, but there are a good many such things, especially in the way of minor inaccuracies in rendering the original. Moreover, we have noticed a considerable number of misprints, *e.g.*, *barborum* for *barbarorum*, p. 75; Mussulmen for Mussulmans, p. 46, &c. Still, in spite of blemishes, Mr. Hoyt's work must be regarded as a very welcome addition to our collection of Saints' Lives in the vernacular.

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8.—THE SANCTUARY OF THE FAITHFUL SOUL.<sup>1</sup>

Blosius is an author with whose name and fame as a spiritual writer many must be familiar who have never had the opportunity of making acquaintance with his works. To such, the little volume before us should be sufficiently recommended on its own merits, as enabling them to possess for themselves and study at leisure, some portion of his writings which have impressed and influenced so many generations of devout Catholics. But an even stronger recommendation in the eyes of many will be the association of the book with one so much esteemed and respected as Father Wilberforce, whom we have so lately lost. Not only was this his last work, upon which he was engaged almost up to the moment of his death, but, as we are told, from his early days at Ushaw under Dr. Newsham, Blosius was through life his favourite author, as three treatises previously translated bear witness. The spiritual guide who so influenced such a man requires no other commendation.

<sup>1</sup> *The Sanctuary of the Faithful Soul.* By the Ven. Ludovicus Blosius, O.S.B. (Louis de Blois), Abbot of Liessies. Translated from the Latin by the late Father Bertrand A. Wilberforce, O.P. Westminster: Art and Book Company. xvi. 125, pp. 2s. 6d. net.

## *Literary Record.*

### I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

*Who's Who* for 1905, fully maintains the character which has made it so indispensable an adjunct of the library table. But although it must be gratifying to find how rapidly the number of men and women increases who have a claim to be thus recorded, the increase of bulk which this entails in the volume is embarrassing and inconvenient. It would doubtless be satisfactory, no less to the compilers than to the public, if some of those who contribute particulars about themselves could be induced to be less exacting in their demand for space,—for the longest entries are, as a rule, by no means the most important. In particular, it seems to be a mere abuse that a volume the whole *raison d'être* of which is to give information concerning the living should be made the medium of setting forth prolix ancestral details concerning families that happen to have ancestors.

This increase of bulk has had one happy result in the *Who's Who Year-book*, made up of the tables which were formerly so useful a feature of *Who's Who* itself, but in their separate form are even more convenient.

The *Catholic Directory* is so well known and appreciated by our readers that it is needless to say more than that it fully maintains the high standard which has made it so popular.

Under the title, *Sinless Mary and Sinful Mary*, Messrs. Burns and Oates issue the discourse pronounced by Father Bernard Vaughan in the Basilica of the Apostles, Rome, on the 3rd of December last, upon occasion of the international Congress to celebrate the Jubilee of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception,—and a sermon of the same preacher, delivered in the Church of Notre Dame de Bon Voyage, Cannes, in Lent, 1898.

## II.—MAGAZINES.

*Some contents of foreign Periodicals :*

## ANALECTA BOLLANDIANA. (1904, I.)

The Saints of Micy. *A. Poncelet*. Vita Sancti Viatoris. The Translation of St. Austremoine. *Mgr. Duchesne*. Full Bibliography of Hagiographical Publications.

## REVUE BÉNÉDICTINE. (1905, I.)

An Eleventh Century Catalogue of the MSS. of Gorze Abbey. *G. Morin*. Siena and Carlo Carafa. *R. Ancel*. Aristion, author of the Epistle to the Hebrews. (An English article). *J. Chapman*. Notes on Christian Epigraphy. *H. Leclercq*. Benedictine Intelligence and Reviews.

## STIMMEN AUS MARIA LAACH. (January.)

Processes of Beatification and Canonization at present pending. *Cardinal Steinhuber*. Freedom of Worship in Germany. *J. Laurentius*. The Centenary of Kant. *H. Hoffman*. Modern Religion. *V. Cathrein*. Art and Science at the St. Louis Exhibition. *J. G. Hagen*. Father Isla the Humorist. *A. Baumgartner*. Reviews, &c.

## LA CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (January 7 and 21.)

The New Year—Italy at the parting of the Ways. Reason and Rationalism. Ecclesiastical Diplomacy. The Rallying-point of Italian Catholics. The Apostolic Origin of Dogma. Art and Morality in literary criticism. London, a Traveller's Impressions. A Monument to Mary Immaculate. Country Bishops and Corepiscopi. Reviews, &c.

## ÉTUDES. (January 5 and 20.)

Sainte-Beuve the Critic. *G. Longhaye*. Pius VII. and the Constitutional Bishops. *P. Dudon*. Two French Archæologists in Milo (1735). *J. Brucker*. Catholics and the Elections of 1906. *R. de Scorraille*. The Trial and Execution of Jean Chatel. *H. Fouqueray*. Louis Veuillot from 1855 to 1869. *G. Longhaye*. St. Francis Borgia the Statesman. *P. Suau*. The Ratisbon Congress. *L. Sæhlin*. The History of Protestantism. *Y. de la Brière*. The Syllabus and Papal Infallibility. *P. Bousier*. Reviews, &c.

## BESSARIONE. (October, 1904.)

- The Conception feast of our Lady in the Greek Church. *P. De Meester*. The Great Works of Cardinal Mai. *G. Cozza Luzzi*. The First and Last of Egyptian Moralists. *E. Revillout*. The Holy See and the Armenian Nation. *Mgr. G. Assian*. Reviews, &c.

## L'UNIVERSITÉ CATHOLIQUE. (January 15th.)

- Charles Chesnelong. *M. de Marcey*. The Philosophy of Madame de Staël. Pontifical Diplomacy. *B. Parayre*. The Immaculate Conception. *Abbé Delfour*. Recent Works on History. *C. Bouvier*. Reviews, &c.

## LA REVUE GÉNÉRALE. (January.)

- The Present State of Society. *Ch. Woeste*. Franciscan Legends in Italian Art. *A. Goffin*. An Expedition into the interior of French Guiana. *A. Bordeaux*. The Court of Louis XVIII. at Ghent. *Baron de Maricourt*. Reviews, &c.

## DER KATHOLIK. (December, 1904.)

- Immortality in the Book of Ecclesiastes. *V. Zapletal*. Friedrich Paulsen and his Religious Views. *O. Nordwälder*. The General Introduction of the present Rosary Mysteries. *T. Esser*. Fifteenth Century Commonplace Books for Preachers. *A. Franz*. Friedrich Nietzsche. *E. sur Gilge*. Reviews, &c.

## RAZÓN Y FE. (January.)

- Celebrations in Honour of the Immaculate Conception. Exegesis and the Movement of Reform. *L. Murillo*. Monastic Schools in Spain. *R. Ruiz Amado*. Materialism and the Spark of Life. *J. Urráburu*. The Manila Observatory and the St. Louis Exhibition. *J. Coronas*. The Capitulation of Pampeluna. *N. Noguér*. Religion in Russia. *M. Martinez*. Reviews, &c.

## REVUE AUGUSTINIENNE. (January 15.)

- Christianity in Russia—Festivals. *L. Baurain*. Father Billot on the Sacraments. *F. Struyf*. The History of Gnosticism. *E. Bouvy*. The Congrès Marial at Rome. Reviews, &c.



